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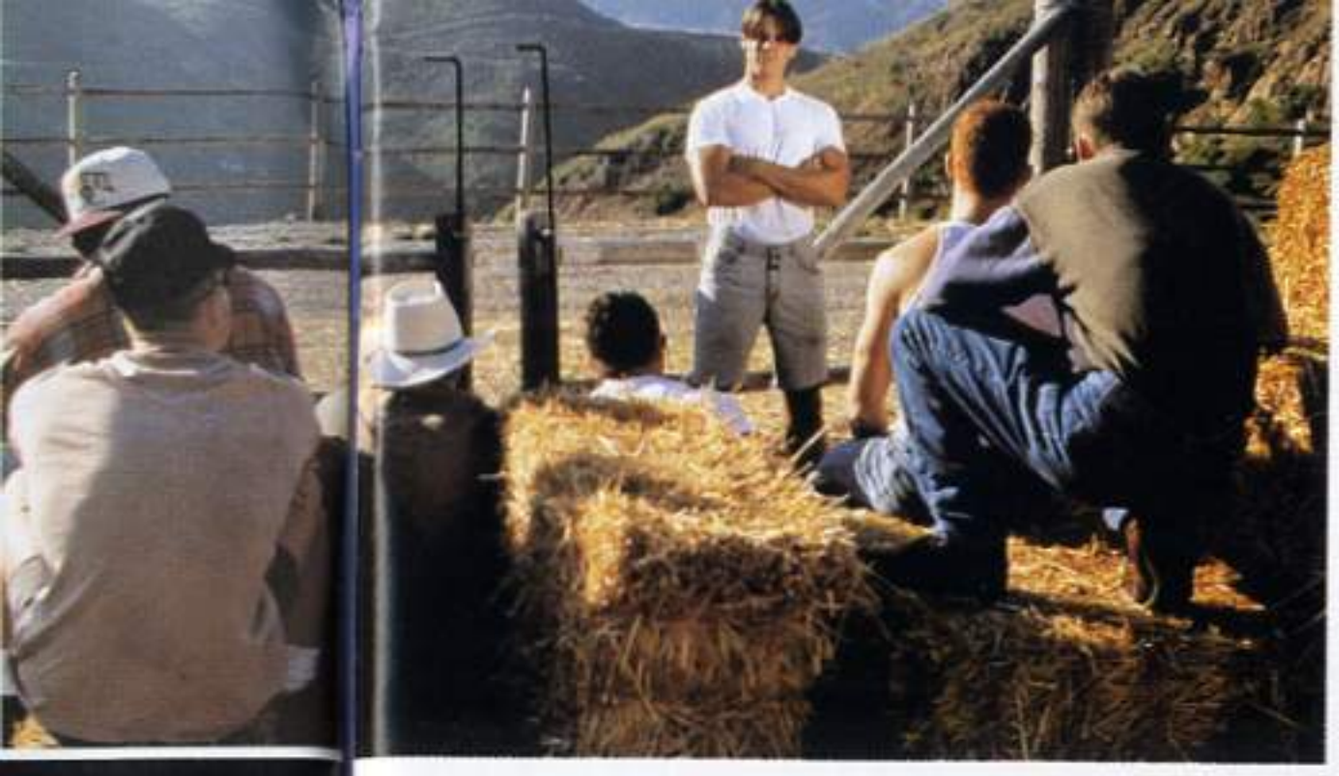

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MAY 1996

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Sass

À LA round too par...CASEY KLINGER

Happiness is a singular thing. It's getting what you want. Pretty simple. I'm used to being happy, I don't know about you; and, I have absolutely no patience when it comes to anything that attemps to stand between me and my happiness.

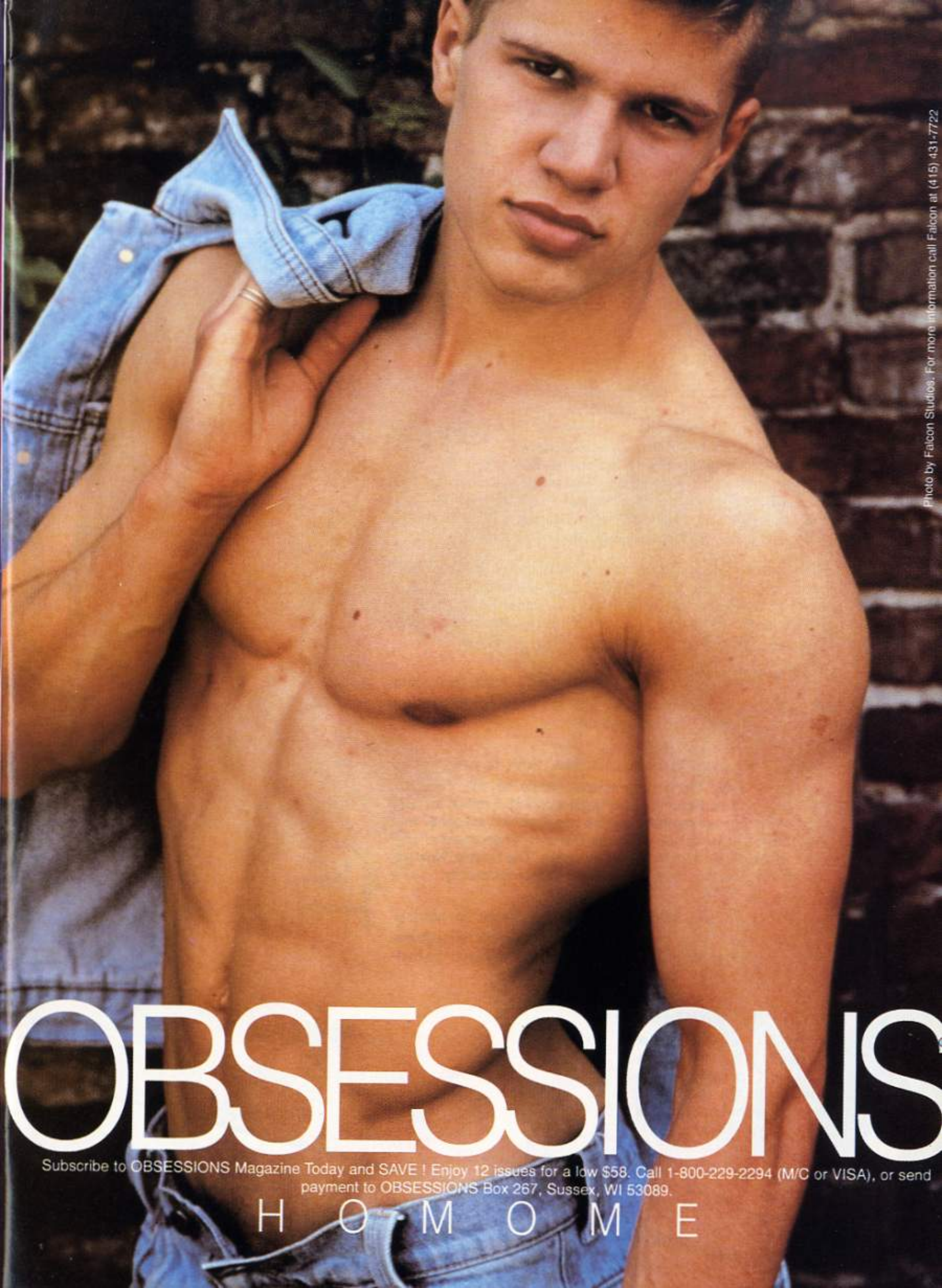
When it comes to sex I don't think there are too many of you out there that don't apply my theme of simplicity. If things aren't working right, call 911 and have the rot removed. No dead time. Sex is all about up and going at it. And it's peak, make that pique, way valuable time. Young time that's tick-tick-ticking away to wrinkles and a half-drunk martini more quickly than it might otherwise because you age ten fold when you're pissed off, you know. At least I do. And so does anybody around me that's pissing me off, I guarantee you that.

With that in mind you can understand my reasoning for the rapid paced changes that are taking place with all our titles. Blueboy is 21 now. We're no longer in our teens face down taking it in an underground club. Not knowing where we're going or who was last night's trick. At least we know where we're going, and that's a great start, because we're taking you along. And with this fine collector's issue you'll see substantive changes that make our old hang seem like young meat, slapping a fresh smile on that otherwise sore, spent ass of a newsstand where you picked us up.

Now get your fingers moving and page through while you're at it. You'll like what you see and you can plan on a lot more of it, even better than ever, progressively coming your way now and in the immediate future. Because you don't like to wait any better than I do. Get to it.

Most photos by Falcon

Casey Lee Klinger
Publisher and Editor-in-Chief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H O M O M E

À LA PSSST PAR...FLO ANTHONY

FLO •

Former "Welcome Back Kotter" star Ron Palillo, is not at all surprised in his ex-colleague's great comeback this past year. Says Palillo: "When we were doing the show, John always has to borrow money from us. He put every penny that he spent back into public relations. That made him a star back in the 70's. Then, he was smart enough in the 90's to do a movie like "Pulp Fiction." The producers and studios loved him. Vinnie Barbarino and Tony Montana were back, rolled into one."

Indeed, this 41 year-old former sex symbol came back strong. He followed up "Pulp Fiction", with "Get Shorty," where he portrayed a different kind of character, Hollywood Chili Palmer, a smart gangster. So far, the movie has been one of 1995's biggest hits, raking up $66 million.

Sez Travolta: "The guy kind of played himself. I just got to the qualities of the character, the certainty and the confidence and be true to the words. That was my job. "

Sez Flo: After back-to back hits, John is now one of Tinseltown's most highly paid actors. While he only pocketed $150,000 for "Pulp Fiction", Travolta got a cool $3.5 million for "Get Shorty." Reports are rampant that the comeback kid will get $7 million for "Broken Arrow." $8 million for Disney's "Phenomenon," and $16 million for a Roman Polanski film called "The Double."Now we know how he affords three planes in an airport community.

Sez Travolta: "But I did "White Man's Burden" for nothing, " says Travolta. "Some pieces, you need to take the risk with the producers. It depends on the type of movie, the concept, the budget, the genre."

Sez Flo: You tell them Johnny. I, however will never forget you in that three-piece white suit, doing that line dance, with the Bee Gees, singing their hearts out in the background. You go boy!

Travolta

Vinnie Barbarino and Tony Montana are back, rolled into one fat, paid, and aged comeback kid.

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Scene

MO par FLO

may be embroiled in a bitter fight with Madonna, but, Dennis Rodman seems to be making good on his fantasies. The Chicago Bulls point-guard told Sports Illustrated Magazine that he fantasizes about making it with a man. Well, the renegade basketball player is getting close to making his dreams a reality. He has been hanging out at the Baton Lounge, a transsexual club in Chicago. "In fact," says a source, "Dennis came in on a Wednesday night to see the show. They invited him back on Monday for a benefit, and he showed." Now there's a man with no hang-ups.

THE MAINTENANCE staff at the exclusive Trump Parc are not fond of the building's newest resident, John Stamos. The "Full House" star rented an apartment at the posh Central Park South building while he's in the Big Apple to star in the "How To Succeed In Business Without Really Trying." Says a source: "This guy is so cheap. He only gave a guy named Jose who does all of his deliveries $4 for Christmas. And, he and his girlfriend are such slobs. She leaves her underwear wherever she takes it off, and he throws towels all over the bathroom." Hey, maybe they want the maid to earn her money.

STAFF members around Barbara Streisand are blaming her difficult behavior on menapause. Says a source: "Barbara is really not as bitchy as she seems. She's just going through the change of life." My spies say that her hormones are so out of whack that the directress carries a hand fan with her wherever she goes. well, Dudley Moore and cinematographer Dante Spinotti don't want to hear any excuses. Streisand fired the diminutive Moore because he couldn't memorize his lines and she gave Spinotti the boot because of creative differences.

THAT Sandra Bullock seems like one dumb broad. The popular actress has gone back to her ex-lover Don Padilla. They recently broke up after she caught him cheating with his former girlfriend, Olivia Ontiveros. Says Sandra: "He swore it would never happen again." Poor Sandra. They say that all the time, girlfriend.

SPEAKING of break-ups...rumor has it that the reason a certain acclaimed actress and her equally talented husband broke up is that she got tired of him buttering both side of his biscuit.. Oh to be or not to be, that is the question.

melanie

"They're both chain smokers, so I guess they enjoy each other's bad breath."

RUMOR has it that Roseanne has Tom Arnold's new wife, Julie, running scared. The sitcom star has supposedly threatened to beat up her ex-husband's new wife if they ever meet in public. The furious Roseanne has also waged a war against Tommy. "I curse every cent I ever spent on him," says Roseanne. "I hope it ruins his and Julie's life." Love hath no fury like a woman scorned.

WE never imagined that a supermodel could ever be so depressed, but Cindy Crawford is very sad after the flop of her first movie, "Fair Game." These days, Cindy is concentrating getting her personal life together. She is anxious to find another husband and have kids. Says Cindy: "I've done it all, family's now the thing for me."

TONGUES are wagging that someone should give Melanie Griffith some glue remover so that she can stop hanging all over Antonio Banderas. Their most recent display of public necking was at a "Save the Animals" benefit that the smurf sounding actress threw at L.A.'s Thunder Roadhouse in honor of her mom, Tippi Hedren. Guests paid $125 per person for the dinner.If they wanted to hang out for the after-party, they had to cough up another $125 bucks. "You couldn't pull Melanie off of Antonio," says a source. "They're both chain smokers, so I guess they enjoy each other's bad breath."

"I DON'T KNOW" have never seen and never met Michael Michel," These are the words of Melba Moore on the "Central Park West" star who is now married to Melba's ex husband, Charles Huggins. A youthful looking Melba is currently in New York, rehearsing for "Les Miserables." After 17 years, the Tony Award winning actress, is making a triumphant return to Broadway on January 8 in the role of FANTINE. Although there is much talk that the green eyed Michel was the cause of the demise of Moore's marriage, a stunned Melba says that she and Charles were never really divorced. "The divorce was fraudulent," says Melba. "I went to my mailbox and found a decree. I never gave a consent or had a chance to counter anything. I found out I was divorced when I opened that piece of paper."

MIDTOWN'S BEST KEPT SECRET

Edelweiss: Hidden in the deep corner of W 43rd Street and 11th Avenue's Market Diner, Edelweiss offers everything for the guy looking to be a girl. On any given night, you might run into a New York actor who goes under cover when he's looking for chicks with dicks. Says one real hot girlfriend: "He thinks he can fool everyone with his macho television image. But, he hangs out in this transsexual bar. I happen to know that he has made it with two of my girlfriends who are pre-op transexuals. Last week, he left the club with this beautiful drag queen "Georgina." Maybe we should ask a cop to tell us who my very special source is talking about.

SHHHHHH!!

BLUEBOY

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continued on p.28

MORE IS WAY BETTER!

Pig ME!

He got his money from a dead man and that meant anything and everything would now go his way. If he couldn't find it any other way, he'd buy it and get it the way he needed to get it. He had a big 'ole hole and it was in serious need of lotsa man to make the fake babies thing...

by Rudy Ferone

An improbable, unbelievably huge inheritance came to me when I was barely twenty-five years old, leaving me with a future as secure as anyone could dream of. My early ambition to be an actor was forgotten as I embarked on a sybaritic lifestyle of luxury and self-indulgence.

He fucked a troll to death and took all his money. He had three years of toasted time to make up for. Europe was now his oyster... he had a big itch to pop his pearl on a penis pronto. He was still young, and now he was stinking rich. With wrinkles on the ern above the fireplace, he knew it was safe to be the Pig ME he'd always wanted to be. He was going to get his ass fucked hard and dirty, and there was no stopping him...

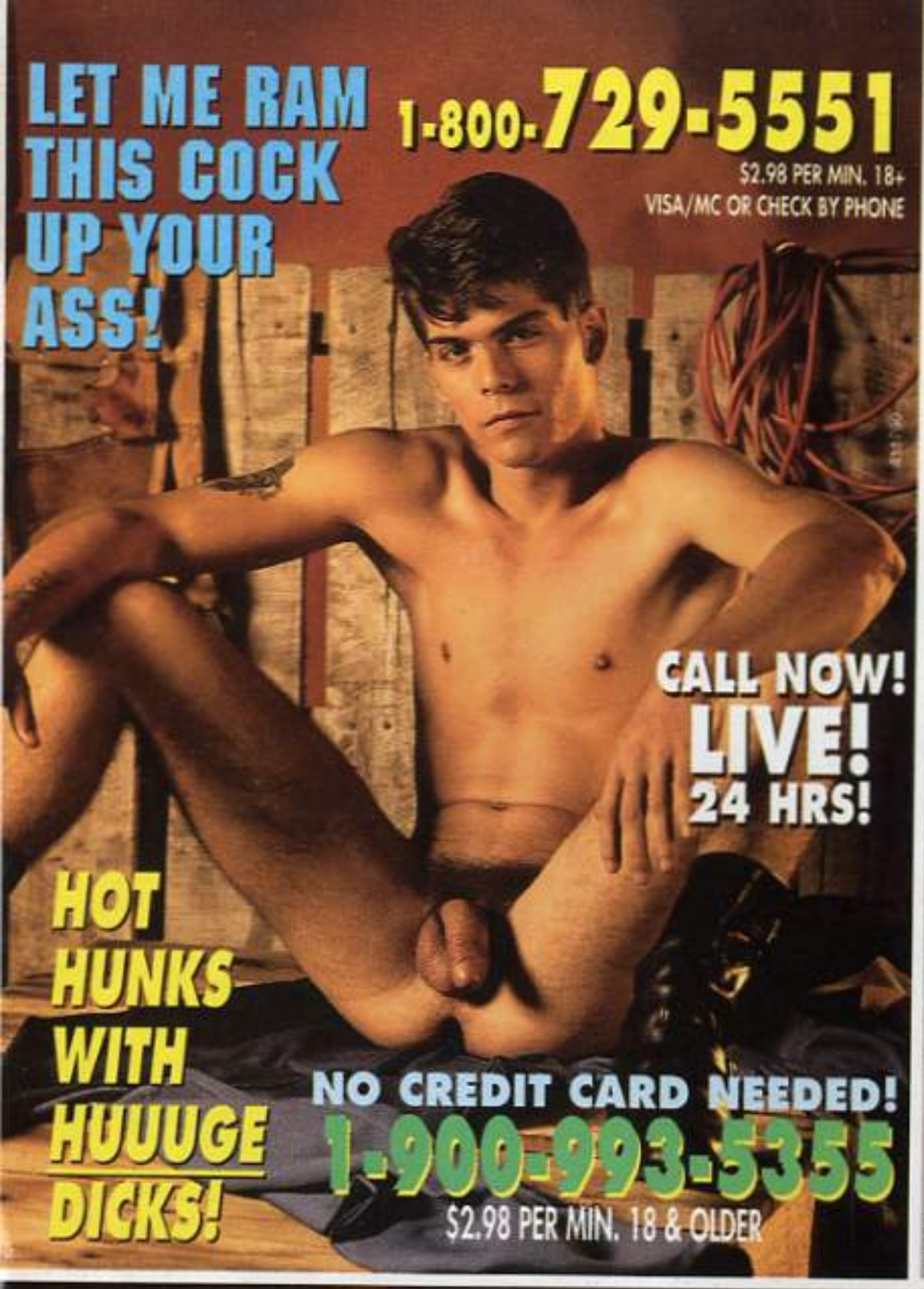
The money came to me from a sugar daddy who had legally adopted me and made me his sole heir when I was twenty-two. Burt, the last male in his family, knew he had only a few years left to live when we met and didn't want his family name to die with him. During the three short years we were together, he showed me the world and introduced me to many important people throughout Europe.

Following his death I embarked on a year long sentimental journey through the playgrounds of Europe while the twenty room Park Avenue apartment in New York, that was part of my inheritance, was being broken up into three units. I would keep one seven room apartment for myself and sell the other two.

After a sex filled month in Paris, my next stop was Rome where I would stay with an extremely wealthy young Italian I had met on a previous visit. Giovanni lived in a huge, old, antique filled palazzo on the outskirts of Rome, staffed entirely with handsome, young male servants who were at his beck and call twenty four hours a day.

"He loved the feeling of a new cock in his mouth and ass...nothing was quite the same as the surprise finding out what his trick had down between his legs..."

Giovanni, dashingly handsome, with the dark curly hair, flashing brown eyes and smooth, olive complexion that spoke of his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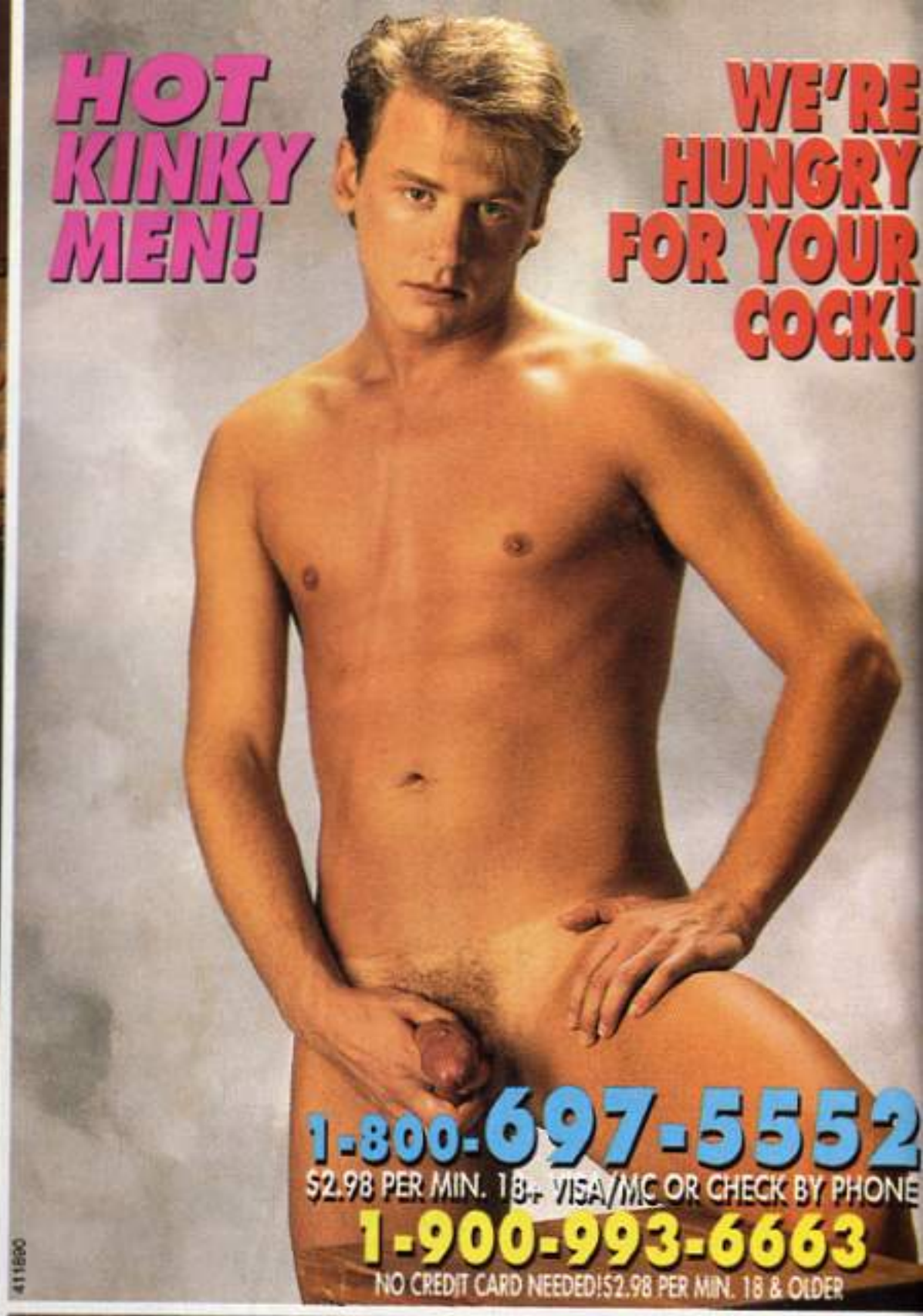
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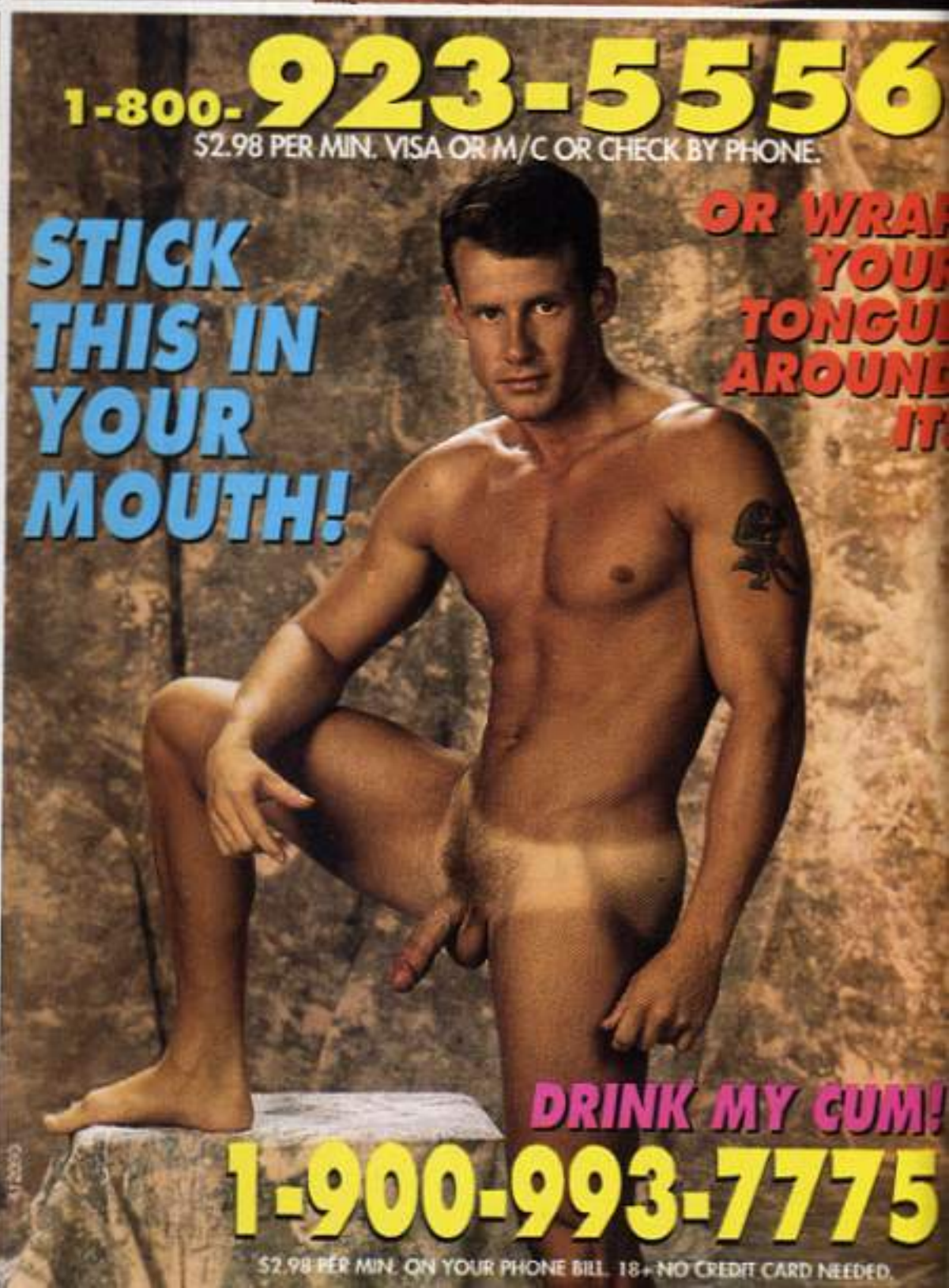
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west

"You'll see lots of blonds cum and go, but this Wade West is one hot blond I'm going to remember for a good long time. I just hope he does a tone of fuck flicks because I can't get enough of him.."

•••

"Please, please, please get pictures of a guy named Wade West. I think he was in your *Jock* magazine a while back and I have been in love with him ever since.

"Not since the likes of Lance and Leo from back in the mid to late 70s has a young blond turned me on this much. And I'm in my early 30s, I'm not some old tired troll. Well, at least not yet, and I'd like to meet Mr. West before I am. If you find him and get him to do more pictures for you, please send him my name and address. I'd do anything, and I do mean anything at all for this guy. He is fucking gorgeous."

•••

"You asked for comments and here you go. You need to get a lot more models in *Blueboy* like you have in your *Jock* magazine. Back in November, 94 you had a young blond man named Wade West whom you had a photo layout on starting on page 9. Being perfectly honest, when I go to the newsstands for a dirty magazine, it's not always a dirty magazine I'm after. Sometimes it's a date. And if I don't find my Mr. Man there at the bookstore, then I bring him home in the form of one of your magazines. And if you want me taking your *Blueboy* home more often, get more models like Wade West on your pages and you can count on me. I like 'em young, blond and smooth. Get with it, guys! Thanks."

•••

"Wade West hasn't been in a lot of videos, but I did see a couple spreads on him in some of your other magazines and maybe in somebody else's as well. In case you don't know who I'm talking about, he's about 22 or so, he's blond with his hair parted in the middle. He has the most perfect ass I think I've ever seen; and, I for one would love to have him sit on my face all life long.

"Since it's about as likely me getting him in the flesh and naked in my bed as much as it is the Queen of England, suffice it to say I'll settle for more pictures of him in your *Blueboy*. I'll just sit and lick the pages instead of his fine, fine fucking ass."

•••

"Two words: Wade West. Where did he come from and how can we see more of him?

"A month or two ago he was in a bunch of magazines, and then all of a sudden you don't see him anywhere. Was he one of those in for a fast buck and then get the fuck out kind of guys or can we expect to see more of him in future issues to cum? I've got an idea. Why not throw a contest and give him away for the night as a prize. I'd just love to talk to him if nothing else!"

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"I could spend my whole life down on my knees in total worship..."

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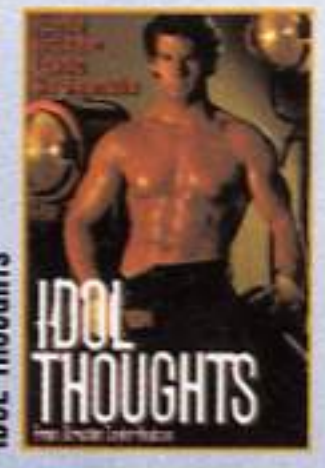

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ancient Roman lineage, was at the airport to greet me, accompanied by two footmen in full livery who were there to handle my luggage. With his influence, I was briskly cleared through customs in record time. The footmen carried my bags to a Ford Taurus station wagon that waited at the curb to transport them and the luggage back to Rome, while we rode more sedately in his old, immaculately restored Mercedes Benz 600 limousine complete with rear compartment window curtains that could be drawn for privacy.

> "I saw his cock and knew I needed it deep in my slit. I carefully pulled down the back of my pants as I stood on the opposite side of the bar and brought him around to do me..."

Settled in the back of the car, with his stunning chauffeur behind the wheel, Giovanni excitedly outlined the plans he had made for my stay. The coming weekend, he promised, would be memorable. He was throwing a welcome party to which he had invited the cream of young Italian manhood. It was to be a costume party in the tradition of ancient Rome, a banquet followed by entertainment including dancing boys, jugglers, musicians and magicians. "It will be a veritable Roman orgy, all in your honor, Brad!" he exultantly concluded.

Paolo, the driver, threaded expertly through the dense traffic, handling the big old car with care and expertise. We pulled into the huge central courtyard of the pallazo in record time, parking amid the small fleet of cars Giovanni kept, including two red Ferraris and the Taurus wagon which was already being unloaded when we arrived.

When we entered the house, Giovanni summoned the valet he had assigned to see to my comfort during my stay. "You will appreciate Mario's expert attentions," he told me with a knowing wink. "He is exactly your type from the North, blond, blue-eyed and perfectly constructed. Oh, I forgot to tell you, but I've installed in the basement a gym next to the pool. I know how much you enjoy working out your beautiful body and Mario will also make you an excellent work out partner. His body is his passion."

As Giovanni finished speaking a beautiful young man who looked to be no more than twenty years old quietly entered the room. Dressed in snug-fitting livery similar to the footmen and chauffeur, Giovanni's family crest embroidered on the breast, his sculptured body was perfectly framed.

As Giovanni introduced us and asked Mario to show me to my suite of rooms, I was already feeling the stirrings of passion. His handsome face and muscular body would have easily aroused any man. He responded to our introduction with a slight, formal bow and a blinding smile, before conducting me up the stairs, his round, hard buttocks straining the cloth of his trousers.

Among his many attributes, Mario spoke passable English, which was a relief since I knew very little Italian. He immediately began unpacking my bags, stowing the hanging clothes in a vast armoire that dominated one wall of the bedroom, with the folded clothes going into a commodious chest of drawers.

"Would the signor care to bathe and change before lunch?" he asked as soon as the butler left the room. I was feeling a little sweaty and grimy after the flight and answered in the affirmative. He rushed over to help me undress, kneeling to remove my shoes and socks, then helping to pull my trousers over my feet.

He folded them efficiently over his arm and moved behind me to help take off my shirt. As one sleeve slid down my arm my hand brushed against Mario's crotch and I felt and instant response. He brought my silk robe from the armoire and helped me into it, then disappeared into the large bathroom. A tub even larger than the one in my room at the George V in Paris sat in the middle of a huge, marble tiled room. Water was gushing into it while Mario tested the temperature

Satisfied that the water was just right, he turned to me with a smile, holding out his hand. "Your underwear, signor," he prompted. I slid the shorts down my thighs, watching for his reaction to his first sight of my cock. His eyes widened momentarily then quickly returned to normal as he took my underwear and assured me that he would personally hand wash it. He stepped behind me and took my robe, the silk sliding easily down my arms.

"Do you need assistance in the bath, signor?" he inquired as I eased into the huge tub of warm water. A wire basket containing soaps, bath oils and salts, together with a mound of wash cloths, stretched across one end of the tub. Mario place my robe and shorts on a bench near the tub and walked over, bending down to slide the basket to me.

"Perhaps you could soap my back for me," I suggested, sitting forward away from the marble. The water was still only hip deep and my cock was floating near the surface. Mario hurried to dip a cloth in the water, then apply a soothing coat of lather all over my back, his strong hands relaxing my muscles, tired from sitting on the plane and in the car. "Feels good," I sighed.

"If you would like, I will be happy to give you a full body massage after lunch. I would enjoy working on your body, signor. It is well developed."

"Thank you, Mario. You look pretty fit yourself," I responded. "Work out a lot?"

"The signor has a complete gymnasium in the basement. He encourages all of the servants to use it. I try to get in a daily exercise. Perhaps you would be interested in using the facility?" he asked.

I hadn't had a chance to exercise since we'd left New York so I was quick to agree. "Wake me early tomorrow. I like to exercise undisturbed in the quiet of morning. I really need a good work out."

"Very good, signor," he agreed. "What will you be wearing to lunch? Perhaps I can get it ready while you finish your bath."

I told him to pick out whatever he thought suitable for luncheon at the palazzo and he disappeared into the bedroom while I quickly finished soaping my body, then ducked under the now much higher water to rinse off. When I stood up, my eyes closed and water cascading down my body, I felt a warm towel being wrapped around my shoulders. I blinked my eyes open to find Mario back beside me, already patting my shoulders, back and legs dry. A man could get used to that kind of service quickly.

I turned to allow him to dry the rest of my body and he wiped the water away carefully, rubbing the towel lightly over my cock and balls as it moved down to my thighs. I stepped out of the tub onto a thick mat and he knelt to finish drying my legs and feet.

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When he was finished I waved away the robe and strode naked into the bedroom, relishing the cool air coming through the open French doors and blowing over my damp skin. Mario had clothes waiting on the bed and was instantly at my feet, helping me into socks, then holding a fresh pair of shorts for me to step into. He lifted them up my legs and settled the waistband in place, my cock hanging down my left leg. I shrugged into a shirt while he waited with my trousers held open, then stepped into them. While I threaded a belt around my waist , Mario went down on his knees once more to slip my shoes onto my feet.

Luncheon was casual and light, Giovanni dominating the conversation with gossip about mutual friends and gay life in the Eternal City. His plan for the evening was to go out for dinner to one of his favorite trattorias, then a quick tour of the popular gay night clubs. "But first," he exclaimed, rising from the table, "it is time for siesta. You must be tired after your flight and all of those exhausting nights in Paris. I am dying to hear about your adventures. Knowing you as I do, you must have many stories to tell."

A long afternoon nap is one Italian tradition I thoroughly approve of. And Giovanni was right, as usual. I was feeling sleepy and crawling into the big, comfortable bed in my room was a very inviting thought. I stretched and yawned as we walked from the dining room. "I'll tell you all my stories this evening over dinner, Giovanni. Right now I can't think beyond a nice, long nap." We climbed the main staircase and Giovanni disappeared down the wide hall to his rooms on the opposite end of the floor.

As I opened the door to my rooms, Mario appeared out of nowhere and followed me in. "Does the signor still wish Mario to massage his body?" he asked as he helped me undress for my siesta. One of his warm hands lingered on my shoulder as he slipped my shirts off.

"Why not, Mario? It should be very relaxing," I agreed, as he knelt to remove my shoes and socks, then caught my trousers as I let them slide down my legs. Leaning on his head for balance, I stepped out of the trousers, then lowered my shorts.

Mario hurried across the room to dispose of my discarded clothing, disappeared into the bathroom and returned with a large towel and a bottle of oil. The bed was already turned down in anticipation of my siesta. He spread the towel over the soft sheets and motioned for me to lie face down. "If you will permit me, Signor Bradley, I will remove my uniform so that I don't splash oil on it," he suggested and proceeded to do so without waiting for permission.

I turned my head and looked over my shoulder as he quickly disrobed, neatly folding his uniform placing it on a nearby chair. His body was even more beautifully sculpted than I had anticipated, his, smooth, golden skin kissed by the sun stretched tightly over impressive masses of muscle from his broad shoulders to his narrow waist. His chest formed a perfect vee, rectangular shaped pectorals, capped by dark rose nipples that stood out like erasers on a pencil.

His white, soft cotton bikini briefs showed another impressive mass of muscle straining the cloth. His hips descended into spectacularly shaped thighs, corded long muscle and sinew clearly defined under the skin. He hesitated for a moment, then, with a slight smile curving his full lips, lowered his briefs. A long, fat sausage of dick meat was revealed, hanging loosely between his full balls encased by a silky, hairless sac. Except for a sparse bush of dark gold hair that framed his freely swinging cock and a narrow trail of gold that led up to his navel, his body seemed to be completely hairless.

He turned away briefly to toss his underwear onto the chair and I gasped involuntarily at the sight of his glowing, round butt, the globes of spongy muscle bunching and relaxing as he moved. He obviously had found a place to sunbathe nude because there wasn't a trace of a tan line to mar the perfect golden color of his skin.

Mario moved onto the bed and straddled my hips, the satiny skin of his perfect butt sinking onto my equally smooth, hard ass, his weight settling for a delicious moment, stretching my back muscles. I could also feel the weight of his cock and balls as they rested on my lower back, sending a thrill over my body. He poured some oil into the palm of one hand, set the bottle aside and rubbed his hands together, warming and distributing the lotion.

He leaned forward, lifting his weight, but not his trailing cock from my body and his slickly coated hands began kneading the tight muscles that band my neck and shoulders, the firm pressure magically relaxing them. With long, sweeping motions, his hands moved up and down the corded muscles of my back, lowering and raising his body as he moved so that his ass seemed to be kissing mine each time his body descended momentarily.

As Mario moved lower he squatted beside my body, his hands sweeping over the firm spheres of muscle on my butt, kneading them, parting them to reveal the deep valley that separates the two and exposing my rosy hole to his view. His fingers strayed into the valley, the tips of his fingers momentarily brushing over my tight pucker. It contracted at his light touch as electric tingles rushed up my spine to register in my brain.

When he hands moved onto the backs of my thighs he straddled my hips again, facing my feet, his twin globes once again raising and lowering onto my appreciative ass while his long cock and full balls rested in the curve, until it was time to move on to my calves and he had to kneel again beside me to reach them.

My cock had started to grow when I first caught sight of his butt, surging to full hard life when his ass touched mine. By the time he finished my lower legs and quietly told me it was time to turn over, my dick was throbbing with need, pressed into the mattress by the weight of my body, the flaring, helmet shaped head extending well beyond my navel and drooling precum onto the soft towel.

As I rolled onto my back Mario moved behind my head, his knees on either side. His oily hands began to massage my full pecs, the palms rubbing lightly over my distended nipples causing ripples of sensation to course through my body. I opened my eyes and looked up. His big balls were swinging directly over my face and his hard, pulsating prick was arched over them.

Unable to control myself any longer, I lifted my head, my lips parted and one of his fully packed orbs slipped between them. Mario's body shuddered at the touch of my tongue swirling around his thick ball and a long, passionate sigh escaped from his lips. His hands, by then, were working the bands of muscle that define my abdominals, sliding

under my trembling cock and increasing the pleasure that was breaking over my body in waves of passion.

He leaned further forward and I felt his lips smoothly glide over the sticky head of my dick, trapping it in his warm, wet mouth. His action forced the twin globes of his ass to part , revealing the tiny brown pucker hidden deeply between them, expanding and contracting.

With a groan I let his ball slip from my mouth and raised me head higher. My tongue was already hard with passion as it began to circle his tightly clenched opening until his sphincter relaxed and the tip of my tongue slipped into his tasty hole. At that instant, with a groan of passion that echoed in the room, Mario's mouth opened wide and engulfed my aching dick, quickly swallowing it to the root, his nose pressed against the smooth flesh of my ball sac.

I feasted on his delicious butt, the hole opening wider and wider, allowing my tongue to delve deep, the intoxicating taste spurring me on, his sucking mouth traveled rapidly up and down the long, thick column of hard flesh, his soft tongue rubbing urgently over the sensitive crown, lapping up the precum that was flowing freely, constantly.

My hand grasped the thick, throbbing stalk of his huge dick, the foreskin fully retracted, the blunt, mushroom-shaped head exuding dick juice in a constant stream which my thumb spread in a thick coating, while my tongue continued to spear into his yielding ass.

"Please, Signor Brad, I must feel this amazing cock inside me," I heard Mario gasp as he released my dick from his sucking mouth. He rolled onto his back and pulled his legs back, giving me a perfect target as I moved my knees quickly around his hips, my cock homing in on his puckering hole without any aid. The saliva-licked head of my cock had only to brush against his spit-filled hole and it opened magically to receive my initial thrust.

My blood-engorged prong entered him completely, the flared head brushing over his swollen prostate and penetrating to the very depths of his inner ass. His cock reacted to that initial touch to his sex gland by jerking sharply and emitting a pearly drop of lube that oozed onto his sharply defined abs. His hands reached up to pinch my swollen nipples, a smile of triumph on his face as I began to stroke my thick piece into his fiery, rapidly contracting love hole.

The inner walls of his ass fluttered and spasmed around my plunging prick, grasping and squeezing the thick stalk, as my thrusts increased in force and speed. Ecstatic groans of encouragement escaped from deep in his chest, almost rasping as his passion increased steadily. "Oh, signor, your cock is splitting my ass in two!" he cried. "Fuck me, fuck my hot, tight asshole! Fill me with your hot cream of love!"

"Hang on, Mario, and you'll get your wish," I groaned, my thrusts filling his silk lined asshole faster and faster. My need to come was almost overpowering, but I held back a few moments longer, not wanting this incredible act to end.

It was his ass that finally pushed me over the edge and into sexual bliss. He began to shoot his heavy load, his dick untouched, just from getting fucked by my big, swollen cock. His ass walls contracted around my fully penetrating prick and literally milked the hot cum from my over loaded balls.

"Mario was just what I needed to forget about that wrinkled old ass I used to have to climb twice a week to insure my inheritance...his hot, smooth body slid effortless over my backside as I opened my legs and let him plow his monster cock deep up my willing, needing hole..."

His initial spurts were so strong that huge gobs of cum flew over his head to spatter on the pillows behind him. My cock responded by firing salvo after salvo of thick ball juice as his spasms continued, lessening in power so that cum was splattered from his face to his chest, then slowly dripped the remainder on his stomach.

I looked down at his smiling face, his gratitude shining from his deep blue eyes and could only return his unspoken thanks as my cock disengaged from his spent hole. I rolled onto my back as Mario sprang from the bed and hurried into the bathroom. He returned a few minutes later, his skin glowing, wiped clean of the cum that had covered it, bearing a warm, wet wash cloth and a towel. He proceeded to tenderly wipe my body and cock clean, then dried my skin, the fluffy towel moving softly, tenderly over my body.

Mario leaned close when his task was accomplished and his full lips touched mine in a kiss of gratitude as I slipped into a deep sleep. Siesta time had finally arrived.

After an evening of too much food, drink and frivolity Giovanni and I returned to the palazzo very late. I had told Mario not to wait up for me and proceeded to my bedroom, stripping out of my clothes the minute the door closed behind me. By the time I reached the side of my bed I was naked and tumbled onto the welcoming mattress, sleep claiming me instantly.

Some hours later I awoke to the most delicious feeling in the world. A soft, wet mouth was nursing my throbbing tool. At first I thought Mario had decided on this unique way to wake me for our morning work out, but as I lay there half asleep I recognized the cocksucking technique of Giovanni. My host and friend had slipped into my room through the French doors on the balcony that circled the inner courtyard to offer me his own unique welcome to his home.

His soft, wet mouth glided easily along the column of hard flesh it encircled, his agile tongue sliding over the spongy crown and around the neck of my cock, arousing all the sensitive nerve endings it touched. My hands reached down and my fingers tangled in his dark curls as I began to lazily hunch my cock deeper and deeper in his mouth, my climax quickly building.

The next time I remember awakening, it was tby the touch of Mario's strong hand on my shoulderIt was very early in the morning, the birds were just beginning to sing

and the sun barely over the horizon.

I'd kicked the sheet off my body during the night and my morning boner was stretched up past my belly button as usual. I opened my eyes and caught Mario staring at my hard cock. I began to stretch, causing my dick to rise up from my belly momentarily. "Good morning," I said softly as his eyes drifted back up my body to meet mine. "What time is it?"

"Almost six, signor," he replied. "You did say you wanted to get up early?" Mario was in his workout clothes, spandex shorts and a tanktop, both of which tightly hugged his well-developed body, leaving little to the imagination. "Do you need anything before we go downstairs?" he asked.

I was tempted to say "A little head might be nice," but just shook my head. "Let me just take a long piss and deflate my dick," I smiled, shaking it with one hand as I stood up. "Maybe you can find some shorts and a T-shirt while I do that."

I walked into the bathroom and emptied my bladder of all the wine and liquor I'd consumed the night before, shook it off, then went to the wash basin and splashed cold water on my face. When I straightened up, Mario was standing next to me with a towel in one hand and my shorts and T-shirt in the other.

"I couldn't find a, how do you say, jock strap(?)," he reported. "Will you be able to continue without one?"

"I won't need one, Mario," I said truthfully. "In New York we have a gym in our apartment much like here. When my trainer isn't there I work out in the nude like the ancient Greeks and Romans, then take a steam bath afterward."

Mario smiled knowingly while I pulled my clothes on. "Many Romans still follow that custom, signor, especially in the old public gymnasia, but nowadays I think it is more to attract attention and sex than out of tradition." He smiled, his eyes flashing as he led me down the stairs to the basement gym.

It was bigger and even better equipped than the one we had in New York. Mario told me that we would be undisturbed during our workout. "I told the other men who use the gym that you preferred your privacy and to stay away until you were finished," he told me. "So if you want to work out in the nude no one will see or know."

"Sounds good to me," I grinned, pulling my shirt over my head, "but I will feel a little self conscious if you keep your clothes on. You are going to be my partner this morning, aren't you?"

Mario returned my smile and wordlessly pulled his shirt over his head, revealing his muscular, highly defined chest and abs. He turned his back to me while he peeled his spandex shorts down over his tightly muscled butt.

When he turned back I'd dropped my shorts and my long cock was hanging between my legs, framed by my big balls. Blood was flowing slowly into it, but it was no more than a chubby.

I walked over to a bench and began working out with a barbell, light at first, only a hundred pounds as best as I could tell. I'll never figure out the metric system. Mario stood behind the bench, spotting me as I lifted and lowered the weights. I looked up to see his strongly muscled legs spread wide, his thick arms raised to grab the barbell if needed, and his long cock hanging over my face.

He was truly a beautiful specimen of northern Italian manhood, his sharply sculptured body perfect in every way. My cock began to grow as I stared up at him. When it uncoiled completely and came to rest on my belly, twitching demandingly, Mario unconsciously licked his lips and his cock responded to the sight by growing rapidly, his foreskin retracting as the engorged head swelled fully.

I put the barbell in its cradle and stood up. "I think I had too much wine last night to do an effective work out, Mario," I said, stretching my shoulders and arms and flexing my groin muscles, making my long cock jump almost vertical before lowering to its standard horizontal position.

ario was standing opposite me, his eyes drinking in my body and my cock, his long dick now filled with blood and pointing at me from his groin very much like my own was pointing at him. "Perhaps a steam bath would sweat the alcohol out of you," he suggested. "The boiler goes on automatically at 5:30. The room should be ready by now." He turned and led the way through a door in the far wall. The next room was vast, carved out of Rome's bedrock, dominated by a huge indoor swimming pool! At the opposite end of the room a narrow door with a small window showed traces of steam escaping from the narrow cracks around it.

I followed his bouncing butt as he skirted the pool and opened the door to a gust of escaping steam. I entered, with Mario right behind me, pulling the door tightly shut. The room was lined with marble, including shelves attached to the walls. I stretched out on one and closed my eyes, enjoying the heat as the steam swirled around my body. Mario's strong hands touched my chest and began kneading my bulging muscles. He was kneeling beside the shelf as his hands moved slowly over my pecs, his palms grazing my nipples and sending sharp electric sensations to my brain.

is hands moved slowly down my body, his fingers tracing the outline of my washboard abs as his hands slipped beneath the hard column of flesh which bisected them. Even the backs of his hands, smoothly grazing along my cock, felt sensual and hot.

The touch of his hands disappeared for a moment and I felt him kneeling between my legs. His strong, slippery hands touched my thighs and began massaging down my legs, not stopping until he reached my feet which he took one at a time, rubbing the soles and pulling my toes. It felt wonderful.

His hands slowly glided back up my legs, but this time, when they reached my groin they circled my cock and under my ball sac, his thumbs sensually pressing into the narrow strip of flesh between the base of my dick and my asshole.

My body was tingling with desire. "Suck it, Mario, suck my cock!" I groaned, lifting my hips off the marble slab. I felt his full, soft lips kiss the swollen crown, then open and circle it, his thick tongue moving eagerly around and over the sensitive head.

I bucked my hips again, forcing more of my throbbing, needy meat into his warm mouth, reaching down at the same time to grab his blonde, curly head in my hands to guide his movements. More and more of my thick dick disappeared into his willing, wet mouth as he began to suck it strongly, tightly, his tongue moving urgently around the head and along the stalk, pressing heavily on the thick cum tube.

He lifted his head releasing my aching cock from his mouth and his tongue began

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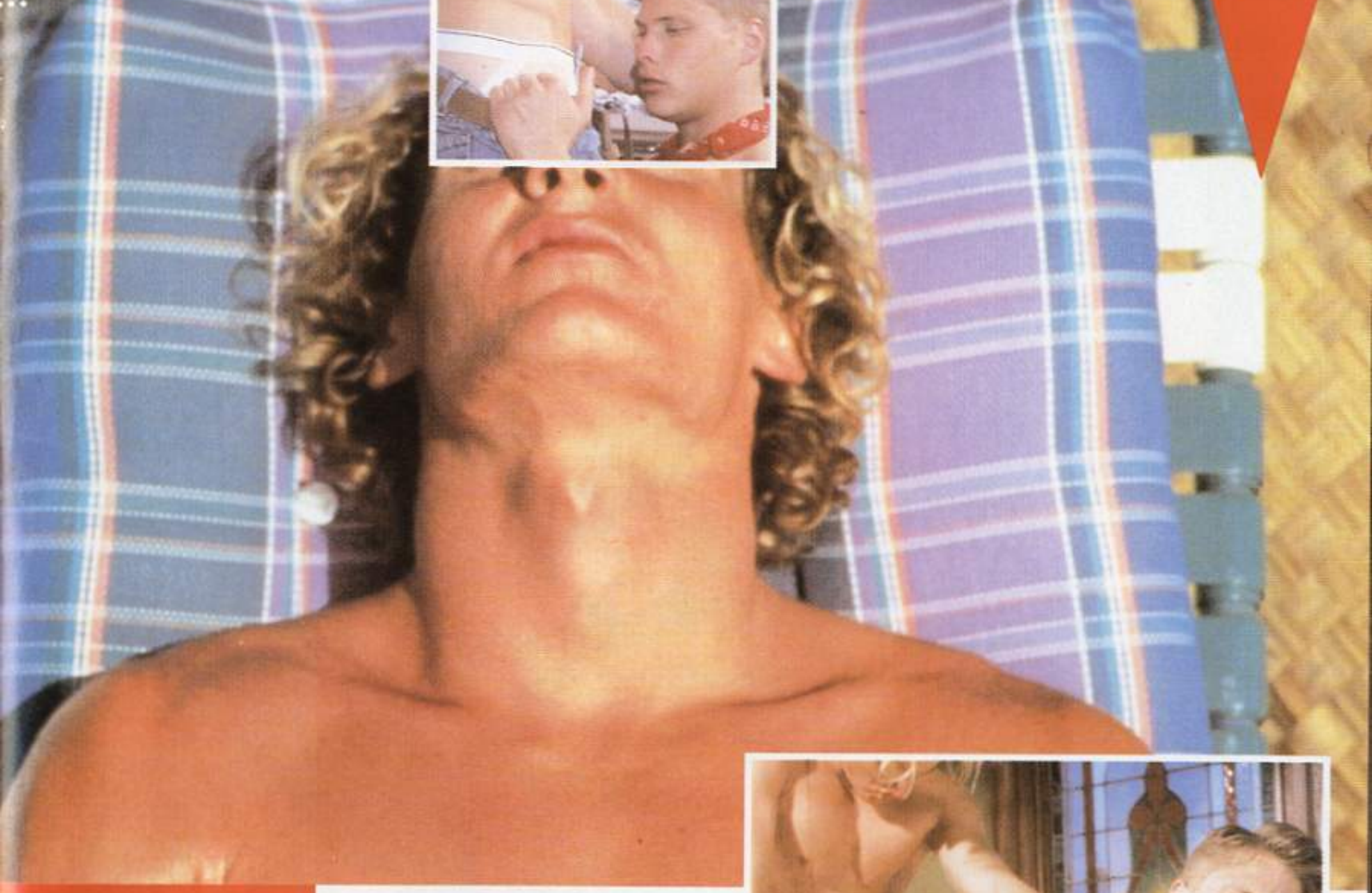
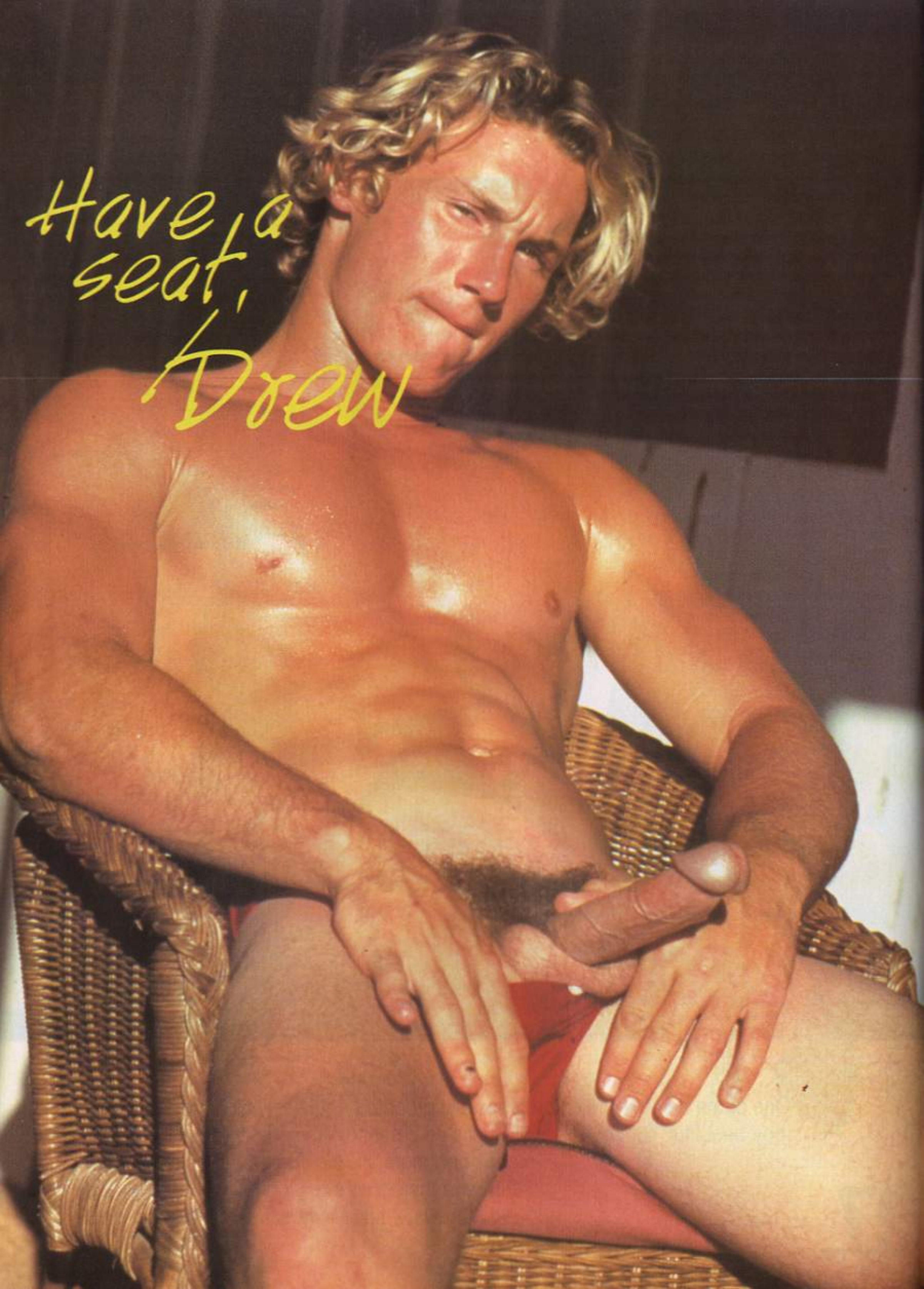


nolan

FALCON SLIT SLAMMER

One of the carefully selected, specially groomed beauties which typifies the Falcon boy beautiful. He peforms well, fucks on comand and gives that butt a ride for the money and more. He's a true blue slit slammer from the start and there's no stopping Drew...once his dick is drawn, your hole is quartered butt good.


Have a seat, Drew

nolan

Imagine the pressure. You're in a room filled with hot, naked men. You're there to perform in front of a cameraman and his crew, a director and a few wannabe stunt butts... you're expected to get your dick hard and ram it in butt after mouth watering, dick hardening butt until you shoot your load across their backs and in their faces... to Drew the only pressure in this scenario is that between his legs which keeps his never-fail cock rock hard and ready for more than you could possibly give; but you'd try, wouldn't you?

...they all cum without even touching themselves.

seven quick fix just say the right thing

by Madd Reid

CLUELESS IN THE OFFICE LOBBY **heading for the elevator with the CEO...speechless before the microphone while the terse and cursing mob chants...breathless at the sight of a Brad Pitt looka-like or anyone you've heard has a wicked schlong? Stutter and mumble on if you must, missy, but if you're tired of this, er, conversation stigma, absent long (dare I say boring?) *Toastmaster* nights to master such and like verbally challenging situations, *Blueboy* asked the expert to put words in your mouth instead of yet another dick. With these chat strategies, we promise: You'll never again have a silent night.**

1 The Personnel Director

A challenging human-resources rep grants you a five minute audience to convince her that you're perfect for the position, any position she needs (or knees, for that matter.) No problem. Try the *She Sucks Hard for the Money* strategy.

Go into the interview ready to list your three best selling points, if you can count that high.

Are you a back-stabber who will claw your way to the top no matter what? Are you determined to succeed to the point you will shamelessly accuse anybody for acts of office treason you've repeatedly commited? Are you a liar and a thief? Keep all of this to yourself for the time being and be prepared to deny them viamently once accused by some do-gooder. Consider instead of presenting just the opposite. The answer to, "Why should I hire you?" is, "Because I'm perfect for the job," not, "Because I need the job." Go Figure it out.

2 A Friend in Need

Should take their problems elsewhere; but, if you're cornered and really don't know how to say *no*, remember this: When was the last time situation reversed you heard *yes?* And just how many times have you regretted it in the past when you let down your guard and went for it? Like every time. Never lend money to family or friends, it only causes grief when things don't go right, and they invariably never do. Let's not wave the blame wrist here; it's just life. Queens happen, just let them fly their crusty broom elsewhere and happen their accident on another less prepared doorstep. The right thing to say? Nothing at all. Suddenly you're deaf. The minute you feel it coming your way hit them with it first. "I was going to ask you the same thing. Now we're both fucked," works great. Don't let it go past there. When you get defensive is when they get suspicious and hurt. Tell them instead who not to hit up since you've been there and they turned you down flat, those sons of bitches. Suddenly you're clean and a pocket full of cash richer. Do it.

3 How about a one night stand?

Like who suggested anything lasted any longer than that? Give me a fucking break, babe. You're out with your lover and he spots you: last weekend's *mistake*. You close your eyes, hoping he's a beer-induced hallucination. No such luck. he's spotted you and he's groping himself with that same weasely look that sold you on his sleaze the last time. Try the *Listen to my Body Talk* strategy. Sit with your arms crossed, avoid eye contact and act as unenergetic as possible. If he hangs around looking hopeful, get away as fast as you can from your lover and intercept

the geek before it's too late. Try "It was nice the other night, but I have a lover and he'll kill your greasy ass if he finds out you fucked me."

4 The Hottest Man Ever

You see him in a crowded bar, or on the subway or across the street. Suddenly your panties are wet and you can feel his huge prick opening you up and reaming you out from every port. Small problem: You've got nothing to say and you're not even sure he's gay let alone interested in the seedy likes of you. Remeber this: Every man has an image of the circumstances under which he'll meet his Mr. Right Man. One of these is the classical stereotype of coming upon his prey needing his help. It's hardly politically correct to play on a man's chivalrous impulses, but nobody's saying you have to swoon and drop to your knees, at least not right away; although that could be a more direct and effective approach depending on just how wet those panties are and how big he turns out to be to fit your grip. Bars are pretty simple because for the most part you've got your target cornered. You now what he's drinking or smoking, if indeed he's doing either. You can pretty much tell if he's on the cock hunt or butt hunt by watching his eyes watching everyone else's body (hopefully yours) parts. And a bar atmosphere automatically prescribes a more convenient "pick up" environment than, say, perhaps a taco stand or toilet at the opera. All men love flattery. And if you're not too hard on the eyes, consider tossing aside your independent ways and fierce needs to be number and only "One" and give in to a little ass kissing praise. Outside a bar, perhaps a "What are you reading?" might get it going. The *Hello I love you won't you throw me a fuck'* strategy might work as well. Bar: Take a deep breath, belt down a shooter and walk right up and say, "Do you want some company, or would you rather just go over to your place and fuck before we meet?" Handing him a condom at that moment with his favorite coctail (per the bartender) adds a bit to the impact of your strategy. The risk of rejection here is huge, but when and if you score on this one, you score big time. If he goes for that, he'll let you grope and fondle him right there and then which will allow you ample time to hit the head and slip out the back if there are any shortcomings in his personality.

5 Party Poppers

You know him. She's a bitch and shamelessly embarrasses everybody he can with his snappy nasties, more famously dropping hideous one langers at parties and social affairs. She's loud, vulgar and clever enough to be right on target. Deadly and heartless. Usually claims to have money and position but rarely has either. At the San Francisco White Party you spot him. She's on to the fact that you're on to her man, which is any man he thinks anybody wants and he's determined to ruin the pick up for all with his bitterness. Best advice: The secret of small talk is just that: talk small. Don't try to talk too smart or too fast, or you'll be party toast. The key here is not what you say, but how it's said. Smile big and ingenuously. Pretend he's a long lost best friend and say the usual 'Nice to see you' sorts of things. Your body language will send warm, fuzzy signals; crusty old bitch will probably pick up on the good vibes and spare you the lip service. Don't be nasty, you'll only target yourself and chances are your unarmed in her battle of bitch. Don't agree with anything he says or he'll use it aginst you. Compliment the hair, if he has any left, and maybe even churn out a short, albeit seemingly heartfelt compliment on the outfit no matter how many times you've seen her in it at each and every party he's crashed. Excuse yourself for a drink and stay way clear.

6 Office Yental

Every workplace has one. A snoop who makes it his business to know yours. Elude him with the *Slip slidin' Away* strategy: Never answer a question you don't want to answer. Just gently change the subject. Smile and say, "Can you believe how much *Coke* is paying the characters on *Friends* to do their ads? A cool million each," or "I'm sorry if I seem kind of out of it but I just can't get that Michael Jackson thing out of my mind. Do you think he did the nasty with those boys? And what about that thing with Presley? And what's with that skin and hair thing? So sick with so much money. What can you say?" Keep it up, and he'll slink away to prey on a less discreet coworker.

7 T.V. Time

You've begged, you've pleaded, but there's no way out: You have to make a speech. Imagining the audience members in the underwear worked for Marcia Brady, but it's all about Marcia, Marcia Marcia. What about you? Being prepared is the best way to countermand anxiety. Rehearse your subject on all sides and practice your spontaneity and delivery. Video yourself and play it back to see how you're coming across and break yourself in for the real thing. The massive adrenaline rush you get before making a speech is similar to sexual arousal, so think of it as positive. You know how to use that energy when you're having sex, so make it work for you when you're giving a speech.

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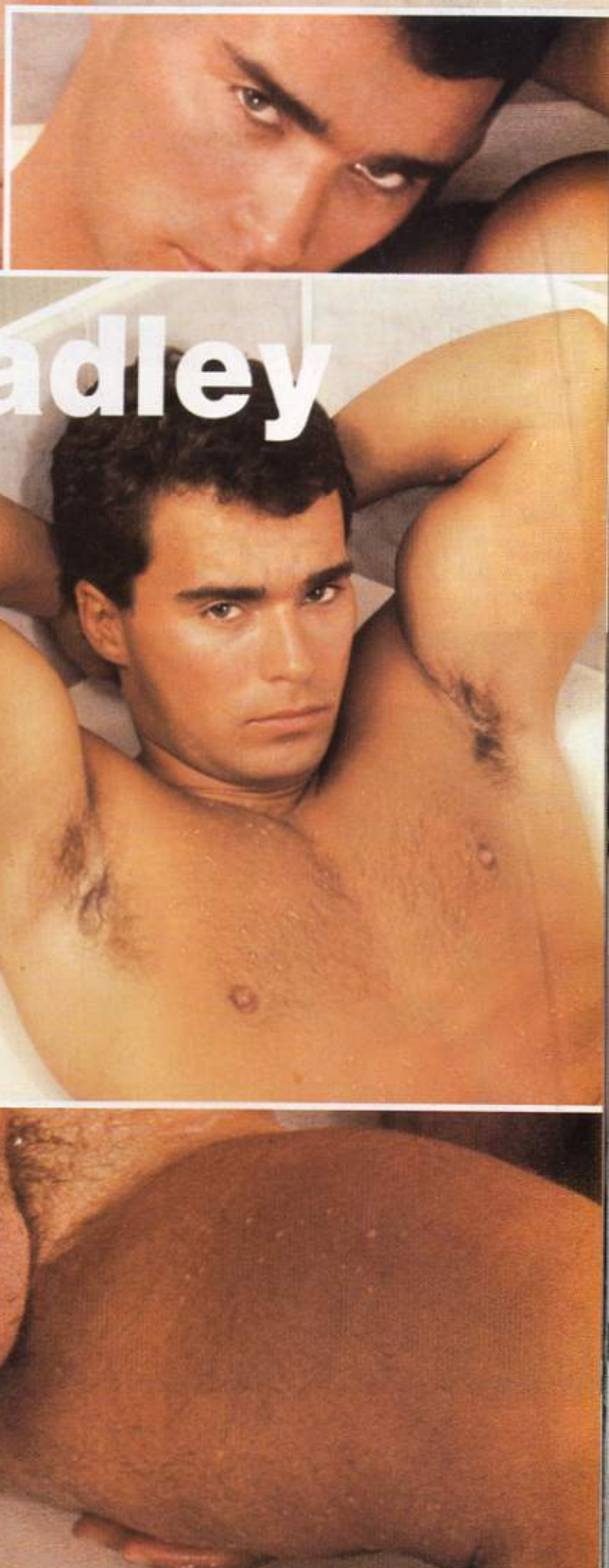
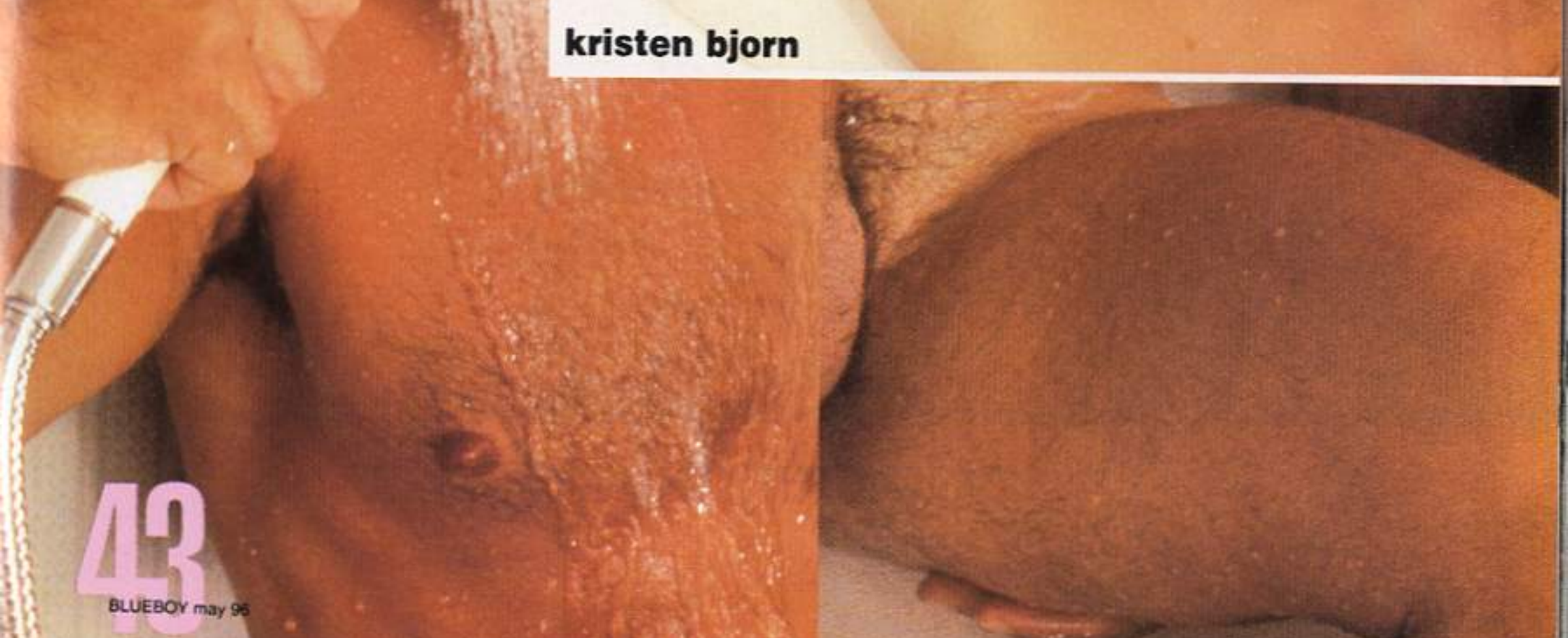
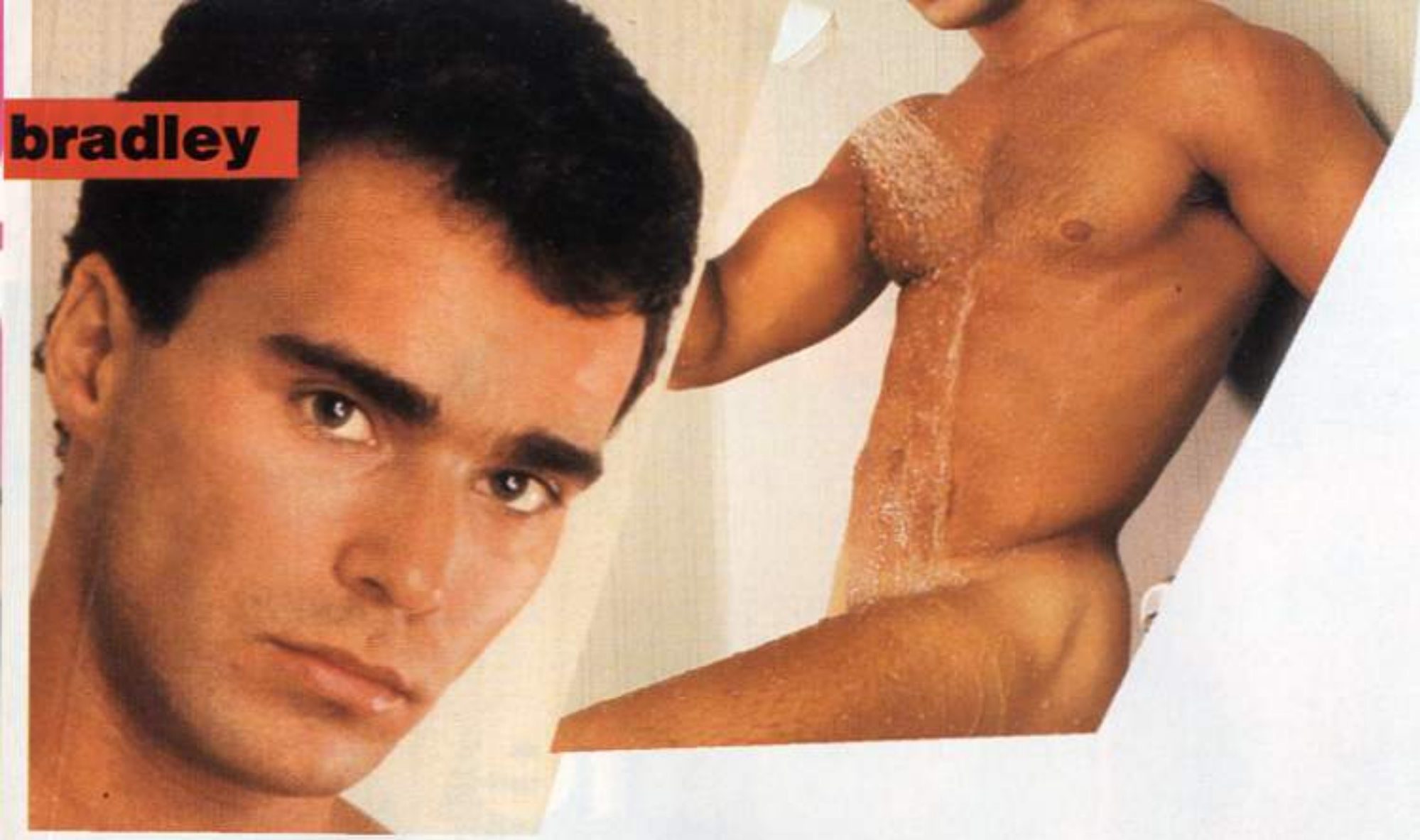
three



bradley

kristen bjorn



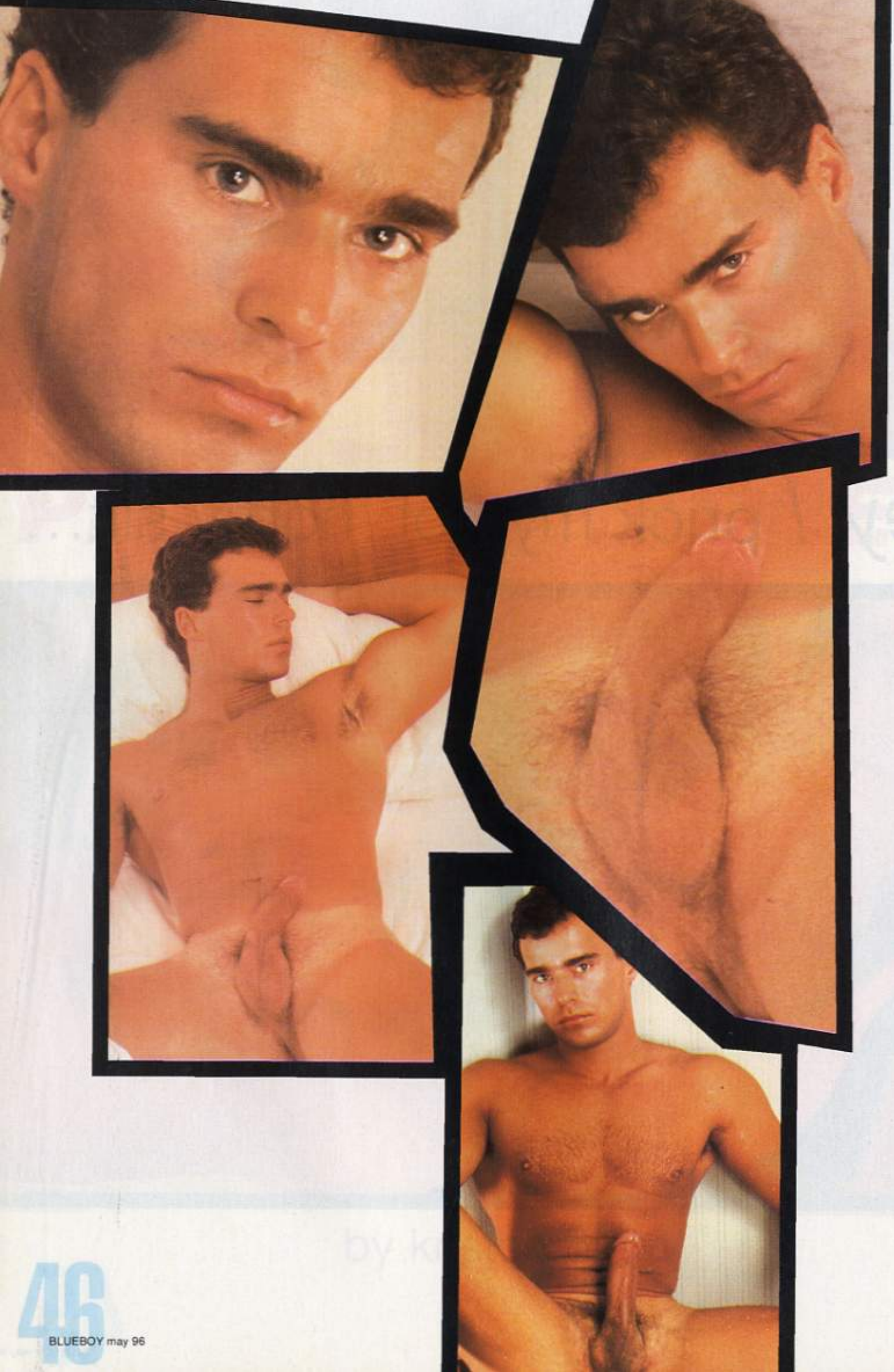


PHILLIP BRADLEY

by kristen bjorn

hey ! prick my hot, horny slit...

bradley



We've all seen his works. Kristen Bjorn, a model and hot porn video star once himself, is on the run to the top of the sale's charts with his newly produced video line. Much of Bjorn's success relates to his exclusivity on European models like this month's Phillip Bradley.

Says P.B.: "I live for the moment. Tomorrow I could be run down by a train and then my life would be what I lived, and I would be happy to say it was all in fun..."

PHILIP

BRADLEY

bradley

There is no substitute for the inner warmth of a willing dude giving way to the talented tongue of a man with a taste for young ass. Phillip spreads his hot, wet pink-lined loins for special few who can offer their devoted tongue for hours. He'll sit on your face and reach back to spread his hard, round buns. Go for it. Eat his ass. Lick his balls and prepare to take his burning, hot, white load.

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MIKE NICHOLS
WOLFF
PETER BISHOP
SCOTT RYDER
and
HUGH DAVIS

reviewed by:
Chuck Edwards

serge perrault

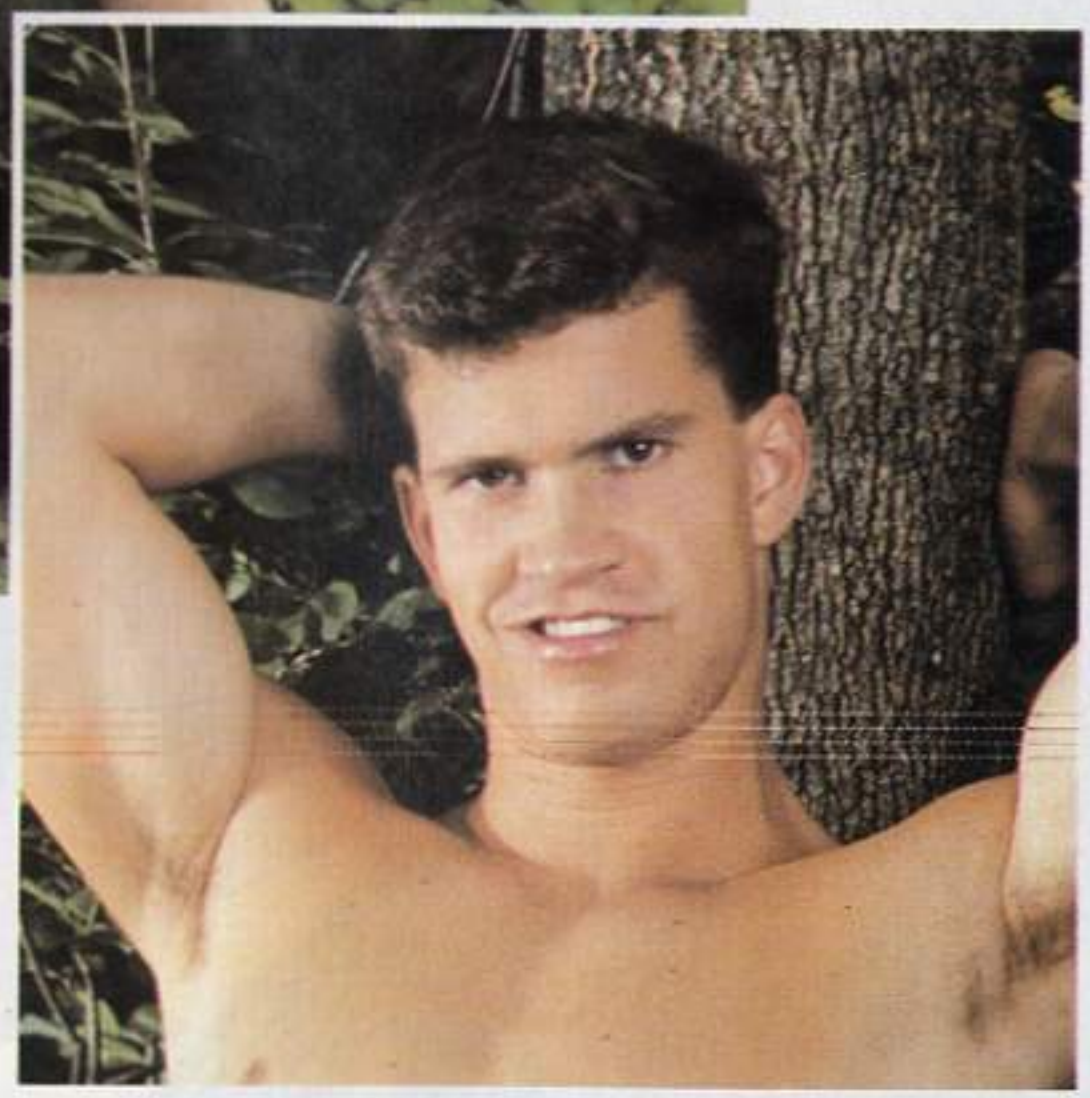
kristen bjorn

serge perrault

HE'S 20, HE'S SINGLE AND HE LIKES TO TAKE HIS PANTS DOWN AND FEEL THE LIPS OF A HOT, HORNY MAN SLIDING OVER THE FULL LENGTH OF HIS HARD, PULSATING PRICK UNTIL HIS MEAT IS LODGED WAY DEEP DOWN THE COCK SUCKER'S THROAT. SERGE IS A KRISTEN BJORN FIND WHO LOVES TO LOVE SEX. HE THINKS THERE'S NOTHING MORE NATURAL THAN DOING IT IN NATURE, BUT DON'T TAKE HIM THE WRONG WAY. HE'S VERY PARTICULAR WHEN IT COMES TO WHOM HE'LL ALLOW TO LIP SINK HIS SLICK DICK.

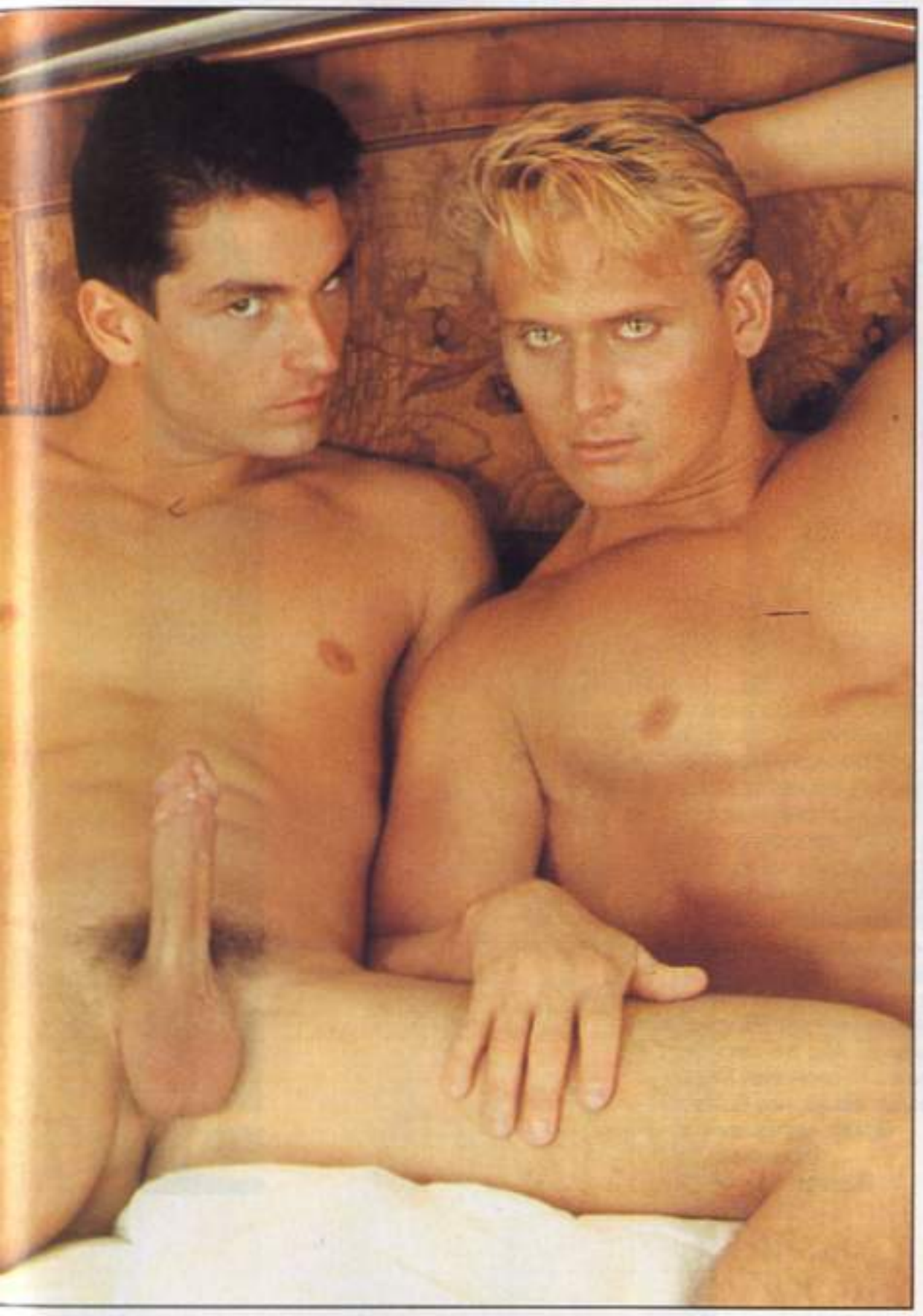
• • •

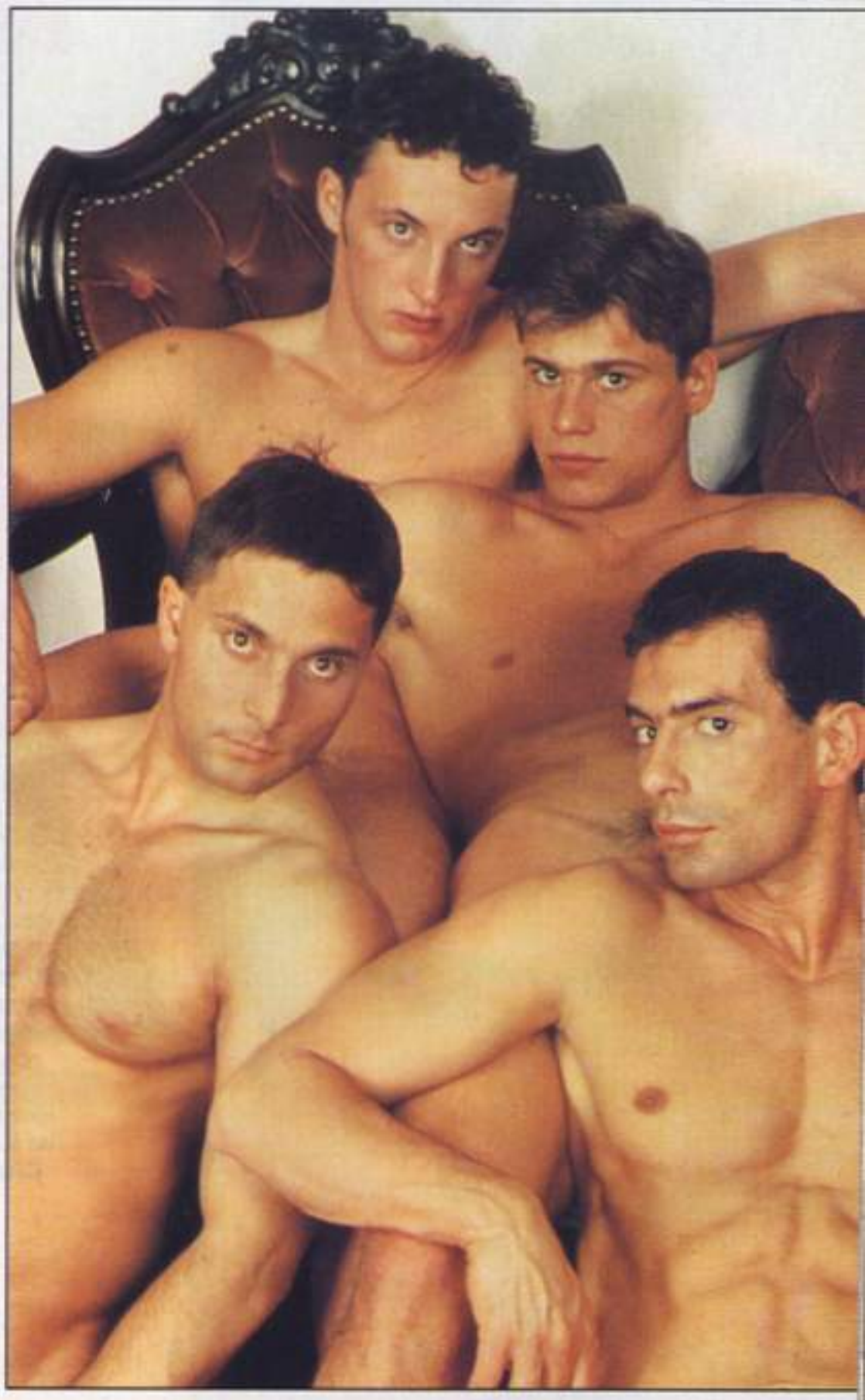
SERGE PERRAULT AS SEEN THROUGH THE WAY TALENTED LENS OF PHOTOGRAPHER/MODEL/PRODUCER KRISTEN BJORN.



4 OF A 40

isten Bjorn and Blueboy Magazine team together in this month of May to celebrate 21 long, young, fruitful years of a strong and ever expanding entertainment exchange with our Community.





kristenbjorn
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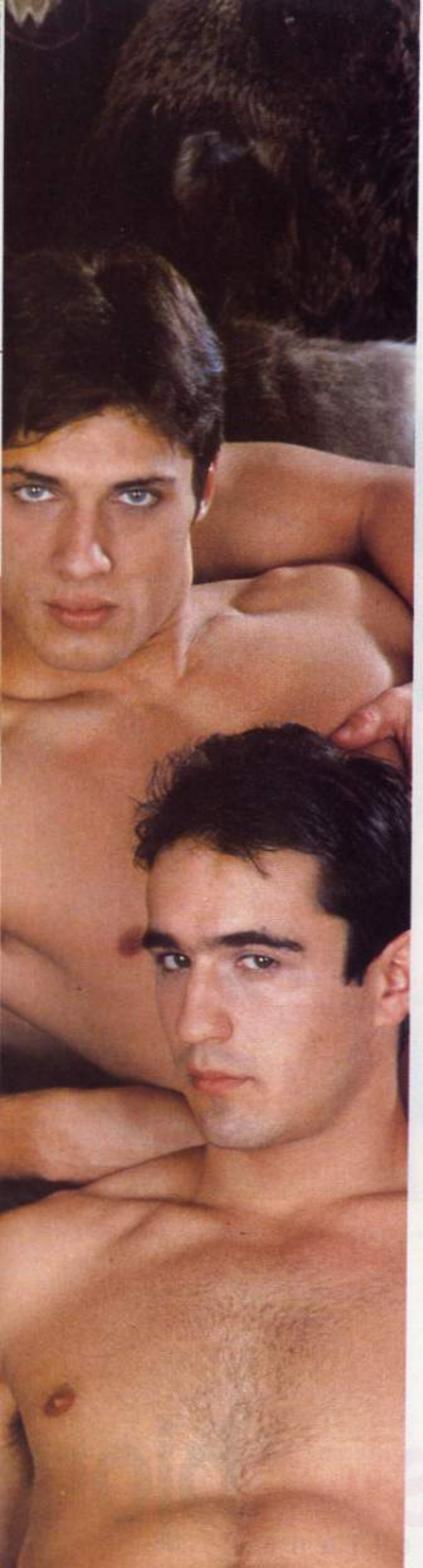

21 years young

HIGHLY RESPECTED AUTHORS AND WRITERS, INTERNATIONALLY SYNDICATED COLUMNISTS, AWARED WINNING PHOTOGRAPHERS LIKE THE MEN AT *KRISTEN BJORN PRODUCTIONS*, HUMORISTS, CARTOONISTS, POLITICAL COMMENTARIES AND MORE...ALL ADDED TO THE NUTS AND BOLTS OF THE MACHINE THAT HAS KEPT *BLUEBOY* IN THE FRONT LINE SALES AND PUMPING HARD THROUGH TWENTY-ONE YEARS OF A CUT THROAT, DOG-EAT-DOG PUBLISHING WHIRLING DERVISH WHERE ONLY THE STRONG HAVE SURVIVED. AND THE STRONGEST HAS SURVIVED TO GROW EVEN BIGGER.

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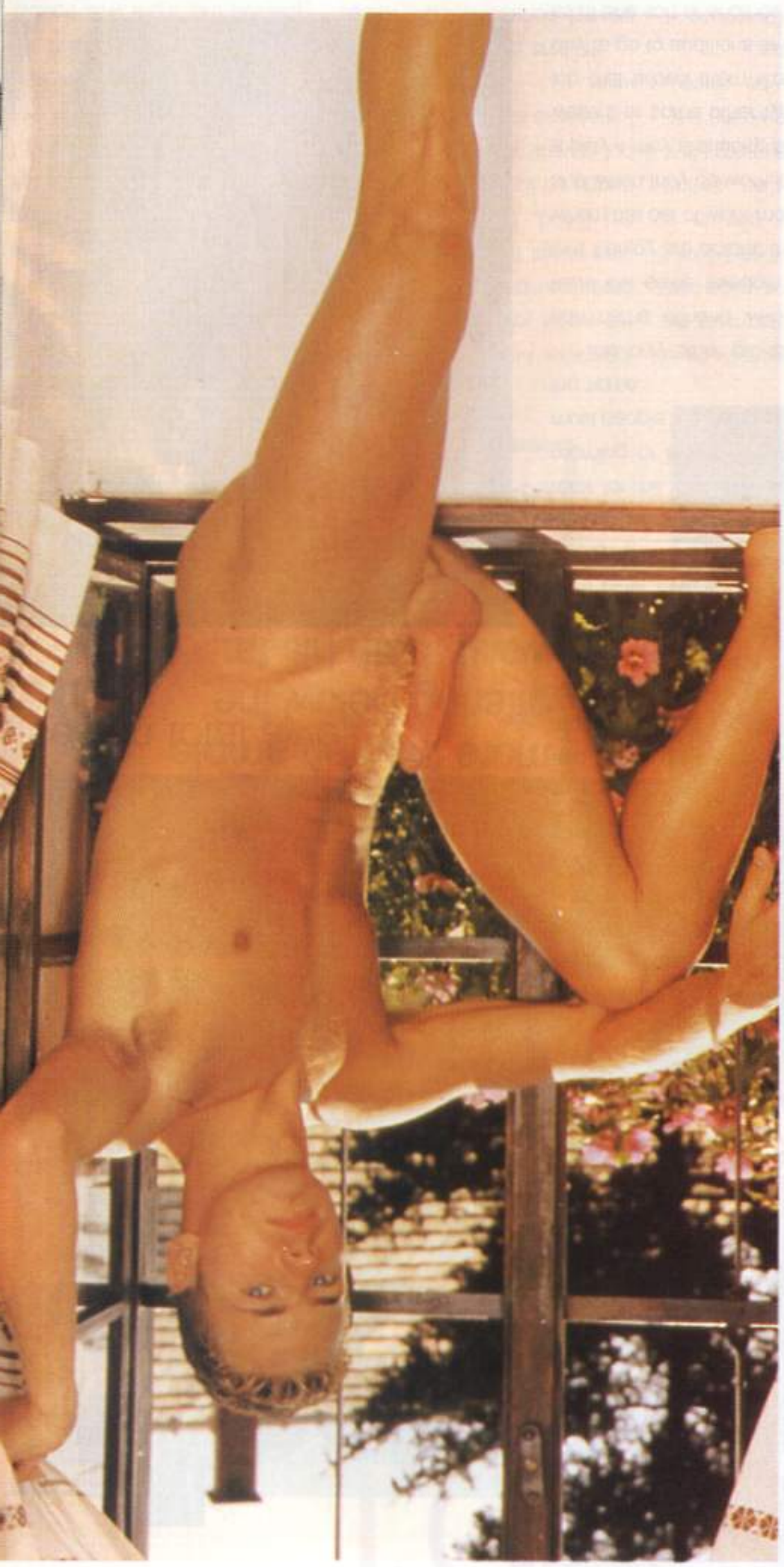


across the hall I got a cheapeep

by Doug Billim

He knew I was watching and he made every effort to see that I continued to do so...his generous mouth and wide shoulders tapering down to his perfect "V" waist glued me to my voyeur's seat in total awe...

I love to watch:

As a writer I have an opportunity few people in New York enjoy. I don't have an office or a full-time job to report to every day. When I get bored or tired or need time to think about a story I'm working on, or just feel like getting a little fresh air, I can turn off my computer and leave, go shopping or just walk around the neighborhood until inspiration strikes.

Like most New York apartment dwellers, I rarely get to meet my neighbors other than to say good morning or hey when we pass in the hall or are waiting for the elevator. That is even rarer for me, since I'm not part of the morning or evening rush hour when most people are going to work or coming home.

The only other group of people I can name offhand who consistently have the same freedom of schedule that I enjoy are actors, the majority of whom are out of work most of the time and when they do work it's at night, in a play if they are lucky, but usually as waiters or some other type of service job that allows them time during the day to go to auditions or attend classes of one sort or another.

I have one neighbor, Lance, the dude across the hall from my apartment that I would run into regularly during my comings and goings. I figured correctly, after the second or third time we met during the day, that he was a member of the acting profession and was convinced one evening when I saw him leaving his apartment wearing typical waiter's garb of black bow tie, tuxedo shirt and black trousers.

Over several months we developed a close acquaintance. In New York that means actually stopping long enough to exchange more than a quick hello or just nod at each other as you pass in the hall. I found out one day that I was right about his profession. He is an actor who more often than not works as a waiter to keep the wolf from the door. On another he confirmed that he is a born and bred Texan, his drawl, which he is struggling to lose, a dead giveaway.

Lance is also a very sexy looking dude, not classically handsome , but with his, wild shock of uncontrollable curly, sand-colored hair, friendly, laughing blue eyes, generous mouth and wide shoulders tapering to cowboy slim hips, heexudes sex appeal. And he is instantly aware when another man is attracted to him I eventually learned, but not in the least offended, as many so-called rednecks are.

Since I soon discovered that

men doing it

He was totally cool, a beautiful young man with more than an ample offering below the waist; both his fat, long cock and his wet, wanting hole, begging for cock...

Lance shared his apartment with an attractive, petite young woman, I didn't allow my imagination to run away with me. There were no masturbatory fantasies about the two of us getting together and getting down. I figured that under the circumstances, why waste my imagination? I didn't attempt to develop our acquaintance any further, but we continued to chat when we saw each other.

I would occasionally hear him singing in his apartment, his strong, clear baritone voice easily penetrating his closed door. I could easily see him in a Broadway chorus line, selling his song with all the energy that is typical of aspiring young performers waiting to be discovered and made a star.

Shortly after Christmas I noticed that Lance was home even more than usual and not long after he told me he'd lost his waiter job, but he seemed pretty confident that something else would turn up shortly. His girl friend, Cindy, seemed to trudge off to her job every day, but several weeks passed and Lance was still apparently out of work.

As time passed, I heard on several occasions their voices raised in argument as I passed their door. I couldn't make out what they were arguing about but assumed it was money, the basis of most arguments between couples. Their strife seemed to increase as time passed. Almost every time I left my apartment in the evening I would hear them going at it, not loud enough to make out words, but raised voices that left no question that there was trouble in paradise.

About a month after their

arguments began I opened my door one day late one afternoon, intending to do a little grocery shopping, just as Lance came out of his apartment looking rather down, as opposed to his usual cheerful, sunny self.

"Hey, dude, how's it hanging?" I greeted him while locking my door.

"Long and low," he replied, attempting a smile "Why?"

I hadn't really intended my remark as a sexual innuendo, but I noted a certain curiosity in his tone that alerted me instantly. "You seem a little down, that's all," I assured him. "No luck finding another job yet?"

"No luck finding a job and Cindy's on the rag, literally and figuratively," he stated morosely.

"Want to talk about it?" I offered. "Sometimes a disinterested third person can help, even if it's just to listen."

"Sure, I'd like that," he replied, brightening up. "But you're on your way out."

"Oh, it's nothing important. I was just going to the supermarket, nothing that can't wait," I said as I unlocked my door. "C'mon in, take a load off and unload."

I held the door open as he walked in. The layouts of our apartments are identical, so he had no trouble finding his way into my living room.

I stepped into the kitchen, calling over my shoulder, "Beer? Or something stronger? Scotch, bourbon, vodka or gin," I added, doing a quick inventory of the bottles on the shelf.

"Bourbon sounds good," he drawled. "It was always my granddaddy's favorite. Bourbon and branch water. It'll work for me.

"Sorry, fresh out of branch water," I joked, "Evian will have to do." I quickly poured him a strong bourbon and myself an equally strong Dewar's, adding ice and Evian to both drinks. "Here you go, stud," I said, handing him his drink and settling onto a chair opposite the sofa where he'd settled, the cocktail table between us.

He took a long swallow of his drink, his eyes widening momentarily when he realized how strong I'd made it, then set it down and settled back on the sofa, his jeans-clad legs spread wide. There was clearly visible a long tube of flesh hanging down his left thigh, bulging out the soft denim.

"So what's the problem?" I asked quietly, shifting on my chair to conceal my dick's reaction to the intriguing sight before my eyes.

"Mostly money, I guess," he began. "Cindy's been the breadwinner ever since I lost my job and it's going to her head. I'm seeing a part of her I was never aware of before. She's gotten real bossy and demanding, wants to make all the decisions, which I can handle I guess. But on top of that, she's not putting out. All of a sudden she's too tired or has a headache or she's having her period," he added in a frustrated tone, his hand unconsciously moving to his crotch, his fingers curling around his long dick but still not covering it completely. "If I don't get laid soon I think I'm gonna explode!"

"Hey, it's not the end of the world. This can't be the first time in your life you've been hard up. What did you do back in Texas when you needed sex?" I asked.

"Well, we didn't live on a ranch so I never had to resort to barnyard animals," he joked, perking up a bit. "To be perfectly honest, back in Houston there's this street, Westheimer, were gay guys hang out? I used to let them blow me when I was really horny." He reached for his drink and downed it in one swallow, a slight blush appearing on his face after his confession.

"How about another?" I offered, quickly finishing my drink as well. I was mentally kicking myself for not moving on him sooner. "That first one seems to have relaxed you a bit. Another should really do the trick." Before he could protest I picked up his empty glass and headed for the kitchen, quickly fixing two more drinks.

> How was I to know the guy living across the hall would be such an incredible sex toy? To my surprise he was romantic and loved to kiss when all I wanted to do was slide Big Jim and the Twins up his tight, young butt...

When I went back into the living room, Lance was admiring my stereo. "Nice piece of equipment," he enthused. "Mind if a put some music on?" I nodded my agreement and he quickly searched through the shelf of CDs and slipped one into the player. To my surprise he'd chosen a romantic classical recording, lots of violins and piano, one of my favorites for accompanying sex.

He turned to me, stretching his long arms. "Mind if I take my shirt off?" he asked casually. "It's kind of warm in here."

"Take anything off you want," I said with

cheapeep

Yeah, I was cheap and he was easy and it was the beginning of an afternoon I shall never forget...as a writer in New York, I've many times fantasized about getting it on with a hot number like this one; but...

a smile. "You can't beat New York for steam heat, but it does get to be a bit much sometimes."

Lance quickly unbuttoned his flannel shirt and pulled the tail out of his jeans, shrugged it off and draped it over the back of a chair. The T-shirt he was wearing underneath hugged his muscular chest, his nipples standing out clearly from his bulging pectorals.

There was no disguising the fact that my eyes were busy admiring his physique. "Work out a lot?" I asked. "You seem to have some nice definition going for you."

"Oh, I try to get to the gym two or three times a week," he grinned, flexing his biceps for my appreciation. I thought I detected some movement in his jeans, but I still wasn't positive where this was heading.

"Have you ever tried to get into modeling?" I asked next. "You look like a natural."

"Yeah, but I'm not the right size for fashion. About the only kind of modeling that was open to me was underwear and swim suits, but I got turned down."

"Why?" I asked. His body looked more than suitable to me, at least what I could see of it.

"You know what they told me? My dick's too big! They said it would look too much like pornography with my big bulge and they didn't want another Calvin Klein scandal! Do you believe that?" he exclaimed.

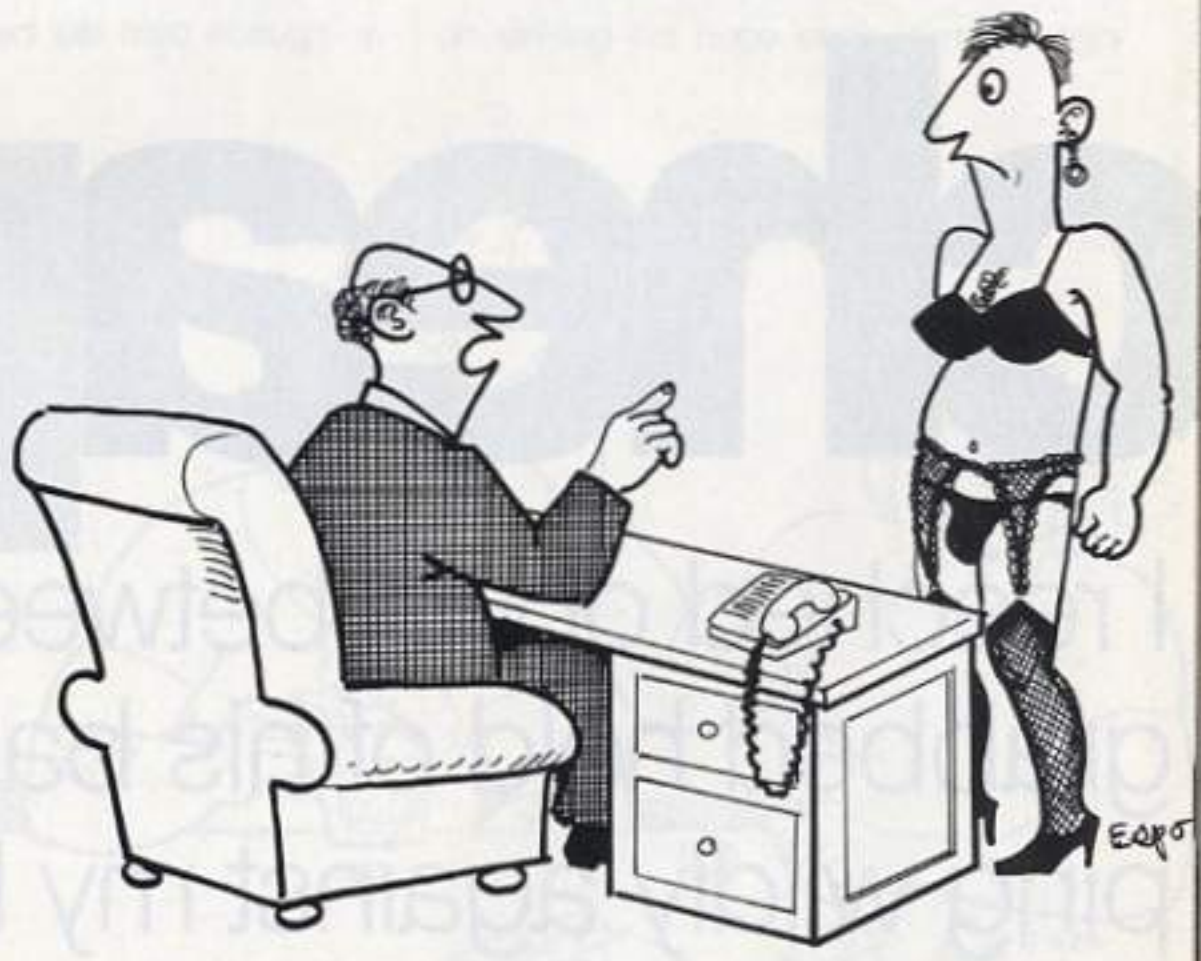
There was no doubt about the activity in his jeans at that point. His dick was slowly crawling down his leg, tunneling under the soft denim.

There was no way he could ignore the fact that my eyes were glued to his crotch. "You're gay, aren't you, dude?" he asked quietly. "It's cool. I figured you were all along." His hand crept down his leg and squeezed his now rapidly growing erection. "You wanna see it?"

"I want to see everything," I answered truthfully, my own cock imitating his, thickening and going rigid in my pants.

With a smile, Lance began to strip, pulling his T-shirt over his head and revealing his smooth, muscular chest, his nipples standing out prominently from his thick pectoral slabs, strongly defined abdominal muscles banding his flat belly. He kicked off his shoes and tantalizingly unbuttoned his fly, revealing a narrow trail of sandy hair that led up to his navel.

His fingers hooked into the waistband



"I KNOW WHAT I SAID ABOUT CUTTING COSTS, SIMPSON, BUT TRUST ME, THIS WON'T FLY AT THE CHAIRMAN'S BACHELOR'S PARTY!"

of his jeans as he turned his back to me and slowly lowered them, revealing his creamy white, firmly muscled butt. He turned again to face me, only the wide base of his cock visible, surrounded by a thick bush of curly pubes. "Ready for the rest?" he drawled sexily, before pushing his jeans lower and lower, gradually revealing a long column of white flesh. He gave a final push and freed the head of his dick, which swung lazily upward to a horizontal position pointing straight at me. Heavy balls in a lightly fuzzed sac hung low between his sculpted thighs.

I gulped and swallowed loudly. Lance had revealed a masterpiece of cock meat, over nine inches of translucent, marble-hard flesh, delicate traces of blue veins showing through the skin, capped by a deep rose, flaring crown bisected by a deep cum slit that drooled a single drop of clear lube as I watched, licking my lips hungrily. "My god, that's the most beautiful cock I've ever seen," I muttered hoarsely, almost unable to speak.

"Lance Junior is something, ain't he?" he agreed, reaching down and dipping his fingertip into the drooling cum slit, then smearing it over the crown until it glistened richly in the light. "You just gonna stand there or are you gonna show me what you've got?" he added, flexing his groin muscles and causing Junior to raise up almost vertically.

My body isn't anything to be ashamed of, even if it's not on the same scale of bulging muscularity he was displaying so proudly. I'm tall and broad shouldered with the long, lean muscles of a swimmer, something I did a lot of on my college team. I stay in shape by trying to get in as many laps a week as I can manage at the YMCA pool, the closest one to where I live.

My dick, while not the work of perfection hanging between Lance's legs, is a thick eight incher, more than enough to satisfy the many men I've encountered in my life. A leftover from my swim competition days is that I still shave my body, leaving only a narrow fringe of close-cropped hair on my lower belly. I've never been turned on by hairy bodies on other men and I keep mine smoothly shaved at all times.

Lance let out a low whistle when I was completely nude. "Not bad. Not bad at all," he drawled, moving to the center of the room where I stood, the head of his cock brushing against mine when he stopped. "I have a little confession to make," he whispered. "I did more than just get my cock sucked back in Houston." He folded his muscular arms around me and pressed his full lips against my mouth, his tongue slipping between them and dueling with mine, our throbbing cocks trapped between our bodies.

"Why don't we take this act into the bedroom," he sighed when our first kiss ended. "I do a mean horizontal mambo with a firm mattress under me." We walked into the bedroom, his warm, large hand stroking my smooth, round ass while I held tight to his throbbing boner, my fingers just able to wrap around the thick stalk.

I hadn't gotten around to making the bed that morning, but it would have been a tangled mess again in minutes. We tumbled onto the bed, our arms and legs tangling around each others excited bodies while we sucked tongues. His huge cock got trapped between my thighs as we faced each other, the slick head sliding into my crack and almost reaching my eager hole.

There was no doubt in my mind that I was going to get fucked before we left that bed. Lance's strong hand was already kneading my butt muscles, parting them so his fingers could explore and find my contracting hole. I slipped my hand between our close pressed bodies and found one of his erect nipples. One squeeze and Lance moaned passionately.

cheapeep

I reached down between my legs and grabbed hold of his balls to feel them slapping wildly against my hole as he rammed that mother in over and over again...

"I really like having them sucked and chewed on," he whispered, moving his body back to give me access to his heaving chest. I leaned my head down and ran my flattened tongue all over the smooth slabs of muscle before capturing a hard nipple between my lips. My tongue strummed the tip rapidly before I carefully closed my teeth around it.

Lance's hand clamped my head against his chest. "Oh, yeah, dude, chew on that nip, I love it," he moaned. I alternated between the two erect nipples, standing out from his chest like miniature dicks, sucking, licking and chewing them until I thought they must be raw.

Lance had reached down between our bodies and was holding our hard cocks together, sliding his delightfully against mine, smearing his constantly oozing precum over my dick until it was slick with his manly lube. He finally lifted my head from his chest. "I'm gonna feel that treatment for a week," he sighed. "Every time I put a shirt on I'll think about you chewing my nips."

Even while he spoke he was twisting his body around until his mammoth member was right in front of my mouth and my straining, over anxious fuck tool was opposite his. As one we inhaled man meat, our tongues eagerly exploring, lashing against the sensitive crowns, lapping tangy precum, pressing urgently against thick cum tubes as we swallowed each other deeper and deeper.

I've never been very good at deep throating, my gag reflex is highly developed, but I was determined to cram all of his huge cock into my mouth and throat. It was a challenge I finally met when the thick flaring crown popped into my throat and my lips closed around Junior's thick root. I held it there, my throat muscles urgently massaging the sensitive head while I was given equal treatment by my partner.

It was very obvious after our first kiss that Lance had done much, much more than just get blown by the lucky gay boys back in Houston. He is one of those sexual animals who responds and interacts equally with men and women and it was evident that he'd spent a lot of time in bed with other men. He was just too good to be an amateur.

Even while my cock was buried in his throat, his hands were working my ass, a blunt finger circling my hole, caressing, poking and ultimately penetrating into the hot interior and finding my swollen prostate. I followed his lead, even while I was still sucking frantically on his giant tool His ass opened to my probing fingers readily, almost sucking them inside.

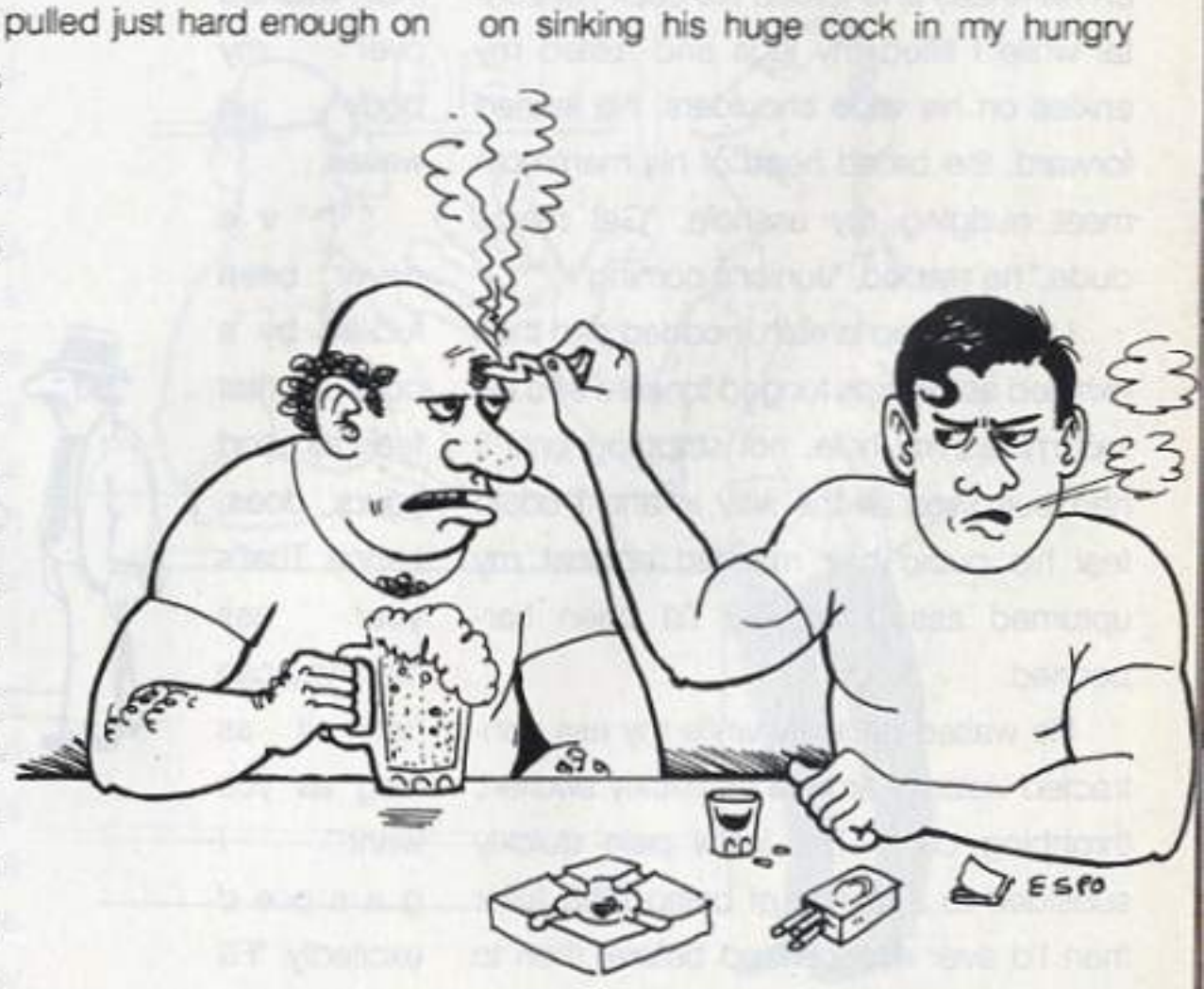
Simultaneously, we abandoned cocks for balls, slurping them into our wet mouths and rolling them on our tongues, our lips tightly closed as we pulled just hard enough on the silky sacs to cause pleasure and tension, but no pain.

My nose was only millimeters away from his palpitating hole and the next move was inevitable. I let his low hangers slip from between my lips and moved my face into the deep valley between his twin globes, my tongue quickly replacing my fingers in his hot, sweet-tasting hole. Scant seconds later, Lance's tongue was probing deep in my ass. We were locked together, mouths urgently clamped to our anal openings, our tongues invading, tasting, probing the most intimate part of our bodies.

> e wanted his ass plowed and that's what he got...good and dirty, I fucked him until I was almost ready to shoot, then I pulled out to wait for a second...I didn't want to rush the load, he was mine and I was having him...

After long, delicious minutes I felt his tongue retract and his head move away, while I continued to feast on his succulent ass flesh. "I've got to fuck this hot ass," I heard him say as if from a long distance. The blood roar in my ears was so loud that about the only thing I could hear clearly was my own rapid heartbeat.

He patiently unfolded our bodies, intent on sinking his huge cock in my hungry



"I TAKE THIS TO MEAN A LITTLE HEAD IN THE SHITTER IS OUT OF THE QUESTION!"

hole. I scrambled to the side of the bed and grabbed the lube that always is ready on my bedside table, handing it to him. I lay on my back, my cock throbbing on my belly as I watched him smear grease on his thick meat, then scoop up more and apply it to my hole, his finger sliding inside to coat my ass walls.

As he knelt there, his cock was standing up vertically against his ridged abs, jerking with impatience. He scooted closer on his knees and forced his cock horizontal while I lifted my legs and rested my ankles on his wide shoulders. He leaned forward, the broad head of his mammoth meat nudging my asshole. "Get ready, dude," he rasped, "Junior's coming in."

I took a deep breath, nodded and then exhaled as his hips lunged forward and his tool mined my hole, not stopping until it had burrowed all the way in and I could feel his pubic hair mashed against my upturned ass. I felt like I'd been harpooned.

He waited patiently while my ass contracted violently around his thickly swollen, throbbing cock. The initial pain quickly subsided to a feeling of being filled fuller than I'd ever experienced before, then to ecstasy-filled sensation as he began to move, the thick head dragging over my prostate with each thrust of his strong butt muscles.

"Oh, yeah," he sighed, his body quickly establishing an easy rhythm, "it's been so long since I fucked a hot, tight ass like yours. It feels so good!" His cock had opened my ass completely and was slickly gliding in and out, filling me with tingling sensations that washed over my body in waves.

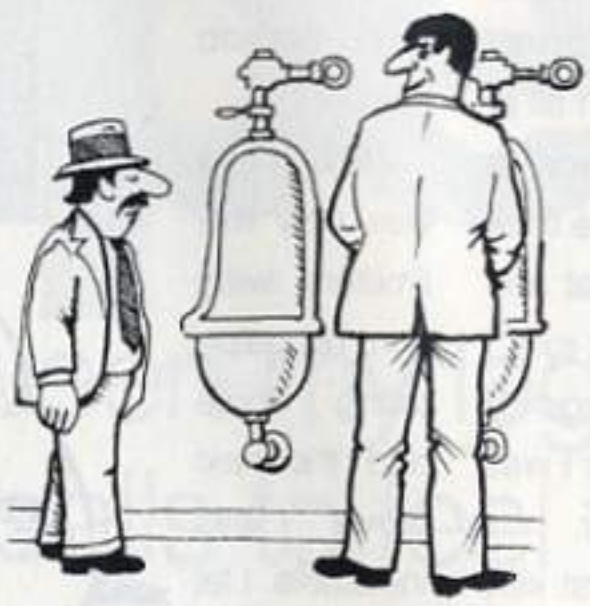
"I've never been fucked by a cock that feels as good yours does, Lance. That's your ass man, you can fuck it as long as you want!" I gasped excitedly. "Fill my hungry hole with that beautiful dick!"

"You're giving this ass to me, dude? I'll take it and fuck it every chance I get!" he exclaimed, picking up speed and drilling my butt with stronger and stronger thrusts, before slowing down again, drawing out the act, plainly enjoying fucking me as much as I was loving every inch of his cock screwing me into oblivion.

He kept on for almost an hour, varying

cheapeep

He gave me his ass and I gave my back in return...we fucked each other like two wild pigs in a blanket, barely coming up for air before one of our cocks was up the other's ass and going at it once again...



speed, exercising amazing control, at times just burying his bone deep and not moving it in me while we kissed deeply, then lunging into me with full force and speed, forcing the air from my lungs, before slowing down when he got close, playing my body like a virtuoso musician with a precious instrument.

At one point he moved me onto my knees and fucked me doggy style, his cock achieving even greater penetration than ever, his body bent close over mine, his muscular chest rubbing against my back, one arm curled under my belly, his hand stroking my aching dick while he supported his weight on his other arm. I aided and abetted his every movement, pushing back to meet his thrusts, my butt crac:ing against his thighs audibly, adding to he sound of our passionate cries that were echoing off the walls.

He moved me onto my back again, saying, "I want to see your face when I come." His thrusts quickly picked up speed and I knew that this was the finale, the coda to the symphony he'd created in my body. "I'm getting close," he panted. "I'm gonna shoot my load, man. Don't come with me, I want to take care of you myself."

He gave a final lunge then pulled his cock abruptly out of my aching hole, pointed it at my dick and let loose, inundating my cock, my balls, my belly with his warm cum. When he squeezed out the last drops he ducked his head down and hungrily licked up every drop of his thick ball juice, then sucked my cock into his greedy mouth. He held it tightly in his lips while his tongue swirled rapidly around the swollen crown, touching every excited nerve end.

That was all it took. My balls exploded, my sphincter contracted and cum gushed through the shaft to jet onto his tongue and down his throat. He swallowed every drop and again licked my cock, balls and belly clean, making sure there wasn't a trace of moisture on me other than his saliva. Lance kissed his way up my body until we were face to face again, before allowing his weight to settle on my welcoming body.

> To the balls he rammed his hard, pulsating prick into my hole, and then he pulled it all the way out and slammed it in again...over and over fucking my pink, wet, stretched man pussy...

We kissed again, deeply, tenderly. "Thank you," he breathed into my ear, his tongue idly exploring. "I can't remember the last time I enjoyed being with a man so much." He moved his face in front of mine and framed my head with his hands while he looked deeply into my eyes. "The only thing I can think of that might feel better is if you get on top next time. It's been way too long since a nice thick cock like yours plugged my butt."

"Anytime you want it, Lance," I answered fervently. "You know where to find me and I'm almost always here. All you have to do is knock. My ass and my dick are at your disposal."

Eventually we wandered back into the living room, our limber dicks swinging between our legs, our hands idly caressing each others hard butts. I was already looking forward to my opportunity to ride his hot ass, determined to give him as good a fuck as he'd just given me.

We had another drink, nestled naked together on the sofa, then he looked at his watch and sighed.

"I guess I'd better be going soon. The bitch'll be back soon and expecting dinner to be on the table."

He slowly pulled his clothes on, covering his splendid body and I walked him to the door.

One more long, probing kiss and he was gone.

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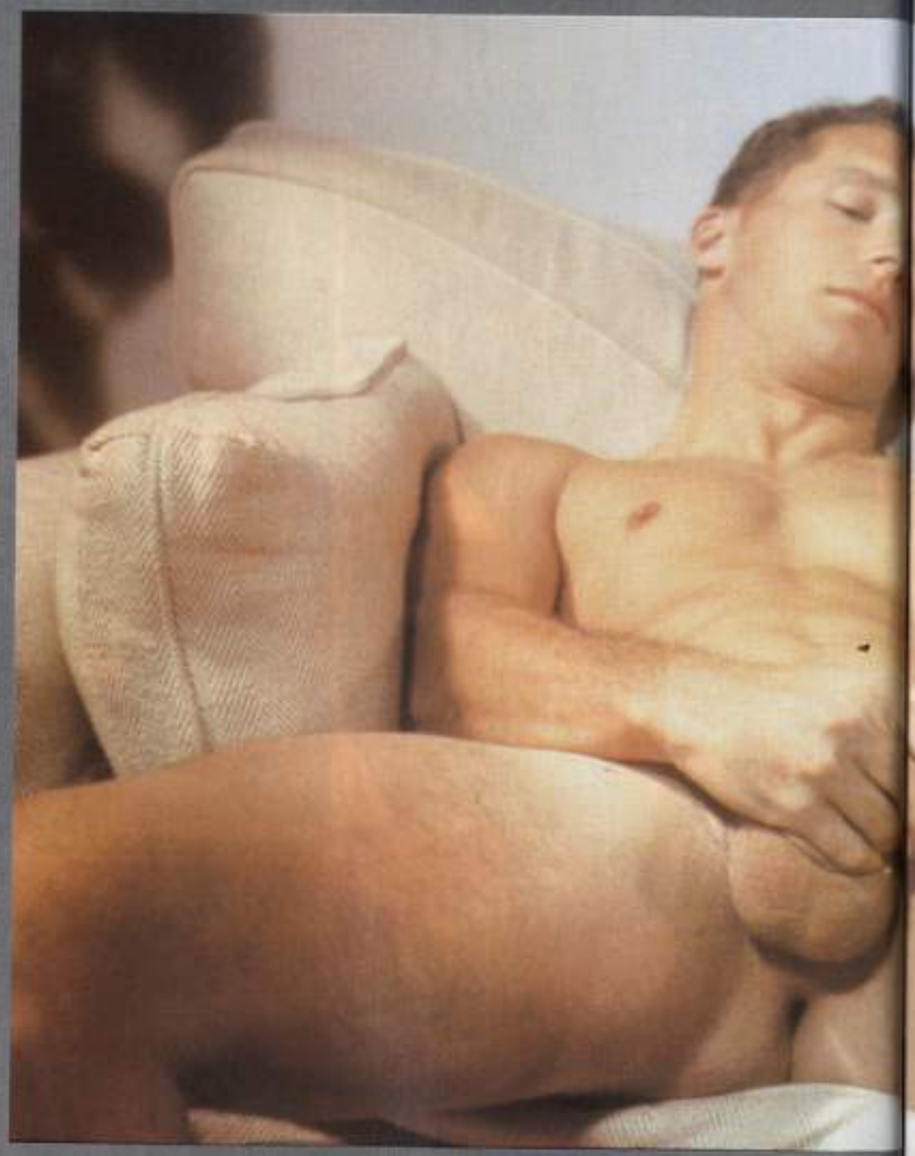

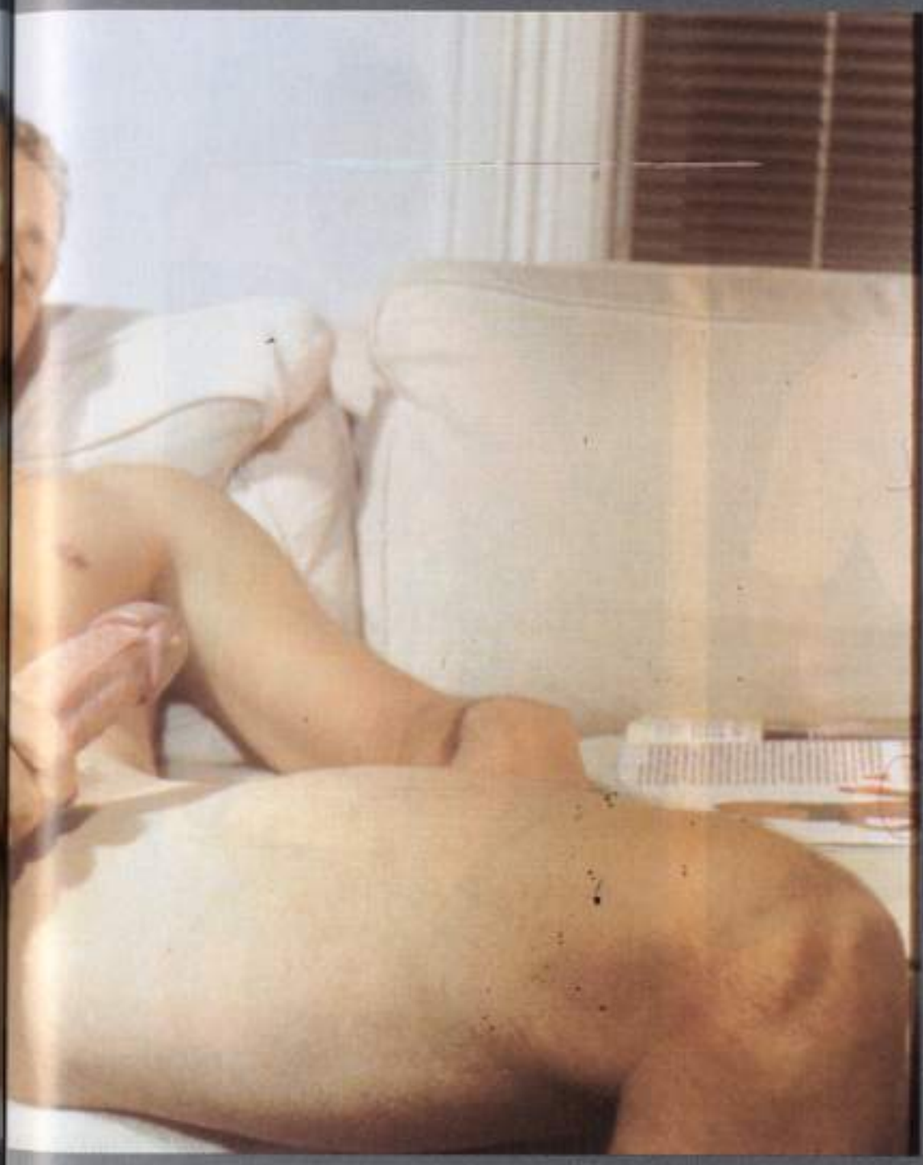

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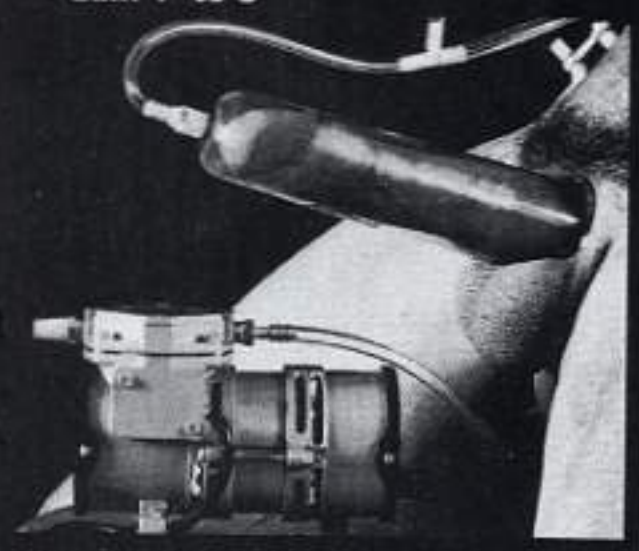

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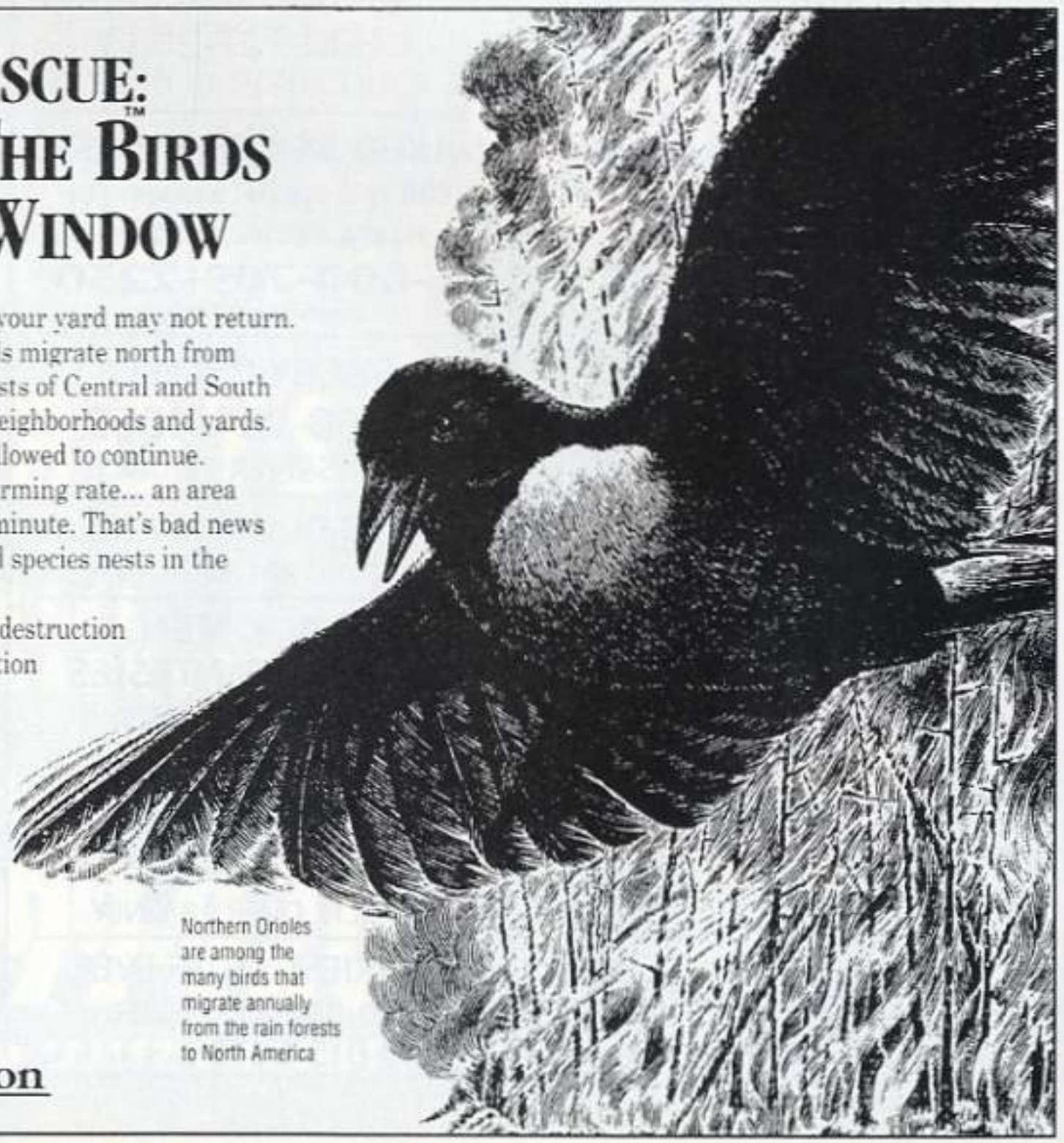

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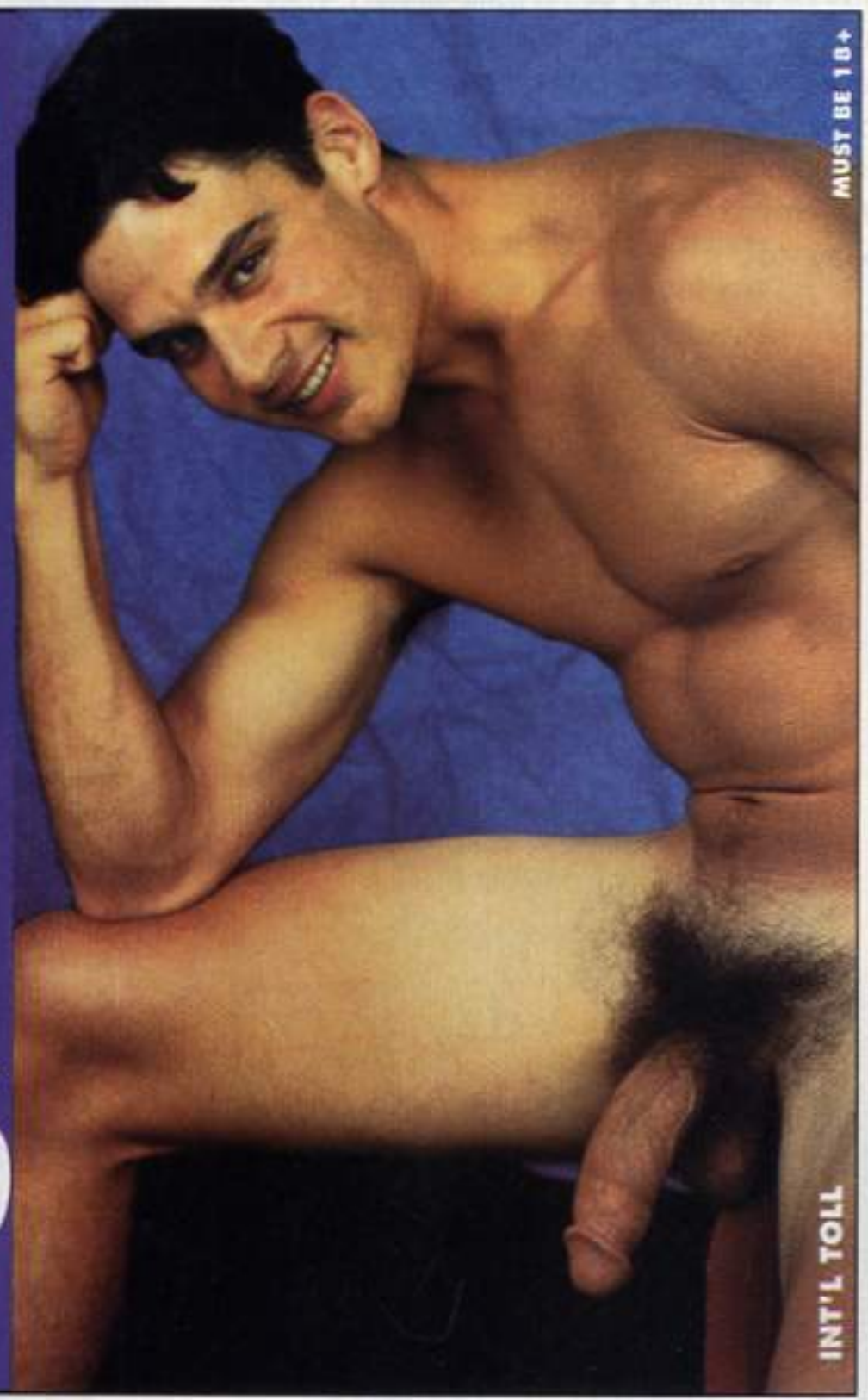

MUST BE 18+

INT'L TOLL

anxiously probing, licking the pucker until it relaxed and allowed the tip of his tongue entry. I could feel his saliva running down the crack of my ass to mix with the sweat pouring from my body as his tongue dug deeper and impossibly deeper, opening my hole wider than it had ever been, his tongue penetrating easily.

I felt something harder, thicker, pressing for entry. Before I realized what was happening, his big cock had popped inside my ass and my sphincter was contracting wildly around it, attempting to expel it. He held my legs firmly in place, not moving, until my sphincter muscle grew accustomed to the intrusion of his big cock and relaxed, accepting him. I hadn't expected this to happen, hadn't even thought about it. I had assumed that Mario would worship my body, sucking my cock and possibly taking it in his ass once again. But after the initial pain receded and he began to hunch his big dick into my tight ass I started to enjoy it. More than enjoy it. I seldom met a man who could match in both length and thickness my oversized equipment. The great majority of my partners were so eager to test their ability at taking my cock in their asses that my current position was rare. I began to really enjoy the feeling of a cock almost identical in size to my own thrusting steadily into my tight ass. I pulled him close until our lips met and began sucking hungrily on his thick tongue. His rhythm didn't vary as he methodically stretched my ass walls wide to receive his thick tool, until all resistance was gone. Then the speed and force of his thrusts, aided by his superbly conditioned body, began to increase and I began to lift my body to meet his incoming cock as it plunged deep inside my grateful butt. Despite the demands my balls had met the previous afternoon and night, morning is when I love sex the most. When I'm suffering from a slight hangover, as I was that morning, my desire seems to be even greater. In my unaccustomed position, on bottom with a perfect specimen of young Italian manhood plying his weapon in my ass with passion and expertise, my body responded by reaching for new heights. I released Mario's tongue to urge him on. "Oh, yes, my Italian stud, fuck my tight hole. Your cock feels wonderful inside me. Make it last, please, fuck me for as long as you can!" I gasped, the sensations his huge cock was producing in my body almost overwhelming in their intensity.

"Hi, signor," his voice rasped with effort, "madre dios, your ass is like magic. So tight, so hot!" His thrusts became more and more urgent, the blunt, mushroom shaped head of his giant dong bouncing off my prostate unerringly with each muscular thrust into my welcoming body. My body, too, was on the brink of explosion. My balls practically burrowing into my body with their need to expel the rich cum they produced in such abundance. I felt his fierce cock swell even thicker in my ass, his short, rapid strokes signaling his body's need to reach a climax. Every muscle in his body suddenly went rigid. His eyes rolling back in his head, as he gave one final, fully penetrating thrust and buried his bone as deeply as it could go. I thought I could actually feel his cum rifling into my asshole, filling it to overflowing, as my own cock exploded, spurting white hot ball juice that covered my heaving chest and belly.

Completely spent I pulled Mario into my arms, covering his face with grateful kisses even as our bodies struggled to regain some semblance of normal breathing. His long cock was still fully imbedded in my ass, my legs now twined around his waist, holding him inside me.

Mario's eyes fluttered open and gazed into mine. "Signor, I cannot thank you enough for allowing me such great liberty and greater pleasure. I will be happy to serve you at any time, in any way!"

When I left Giovanni and Rome at the end of my visit, Mario was at my side as he is today. Giovanni, my great friend, could not have been more gracious about my appropriating the most handsome member of his staff.

His Roman orgy, my welcoming party, at which Mario was a star, will have to be told at another time.

It was a story in itself.

"I felt his cock swell even thicker in my ass, his short, rapid strokes signaling his body's need to reach a climax...every muscle in his body suddenly went rigid, his eyes rolling back in his head, as he gave one final, fully penetrating thrust and buried his bone as deeply as it could go..."

continued from p.31

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The Male Market

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MANFINDER™

WEST

Las Vegas **HEY GUYS:** I'm 39 y/o, nice lkg, casual and laid back. I like concerts, going out and more. If you are around my age and have similar interests, call me. ▼45354

Las Vegas **CALL OF THE WILD:** I'm 6ft, smooth build, well endowed. lkg4 guy's under 25 who are real smooth. call me. ▼4450

Las Vegas **BOTTOM LINE:** I'm a 28 y/o attr. btm. I'm 5'8, average build and I'm new in town. call me. ▼4546

Reno **RENO RANDY:** Randy, 37, 6' 175, well built, good shape, looking for some younger guys interested in having fun. ▼6610

Carson City **COUNTRY MUSIC FAN:** Chris, 24, 5'8, 155, brn/blue, like to have someone romantic, outgoing, C/W music dancing, outdoors, horseback riding- ▼3203

Las Vegas **HOT SAFE FUN:** Nat, looking to meet guys for hot safe fun, want to get with you, if you are 22 -37, coming to town soon, I'm 5'10 150 blnd/blue 30s built like to have a great time- ▼6058

Seattle **RAVER BOY:** I'm 18 y/o and I'm lkg4 someone 18-26 who is hiv-, clean and likes to have fun. ▼4752

Seattle **DON'T PASS ME UP:** I'm Hispanic, 25 y/o, very masc, very gdlkg. If you like to have fun, call me. I'm safe and great fun. you should be very active and attractive and under 35. ▼4792

Seattle **CASUAL FUN:** I'm lkg4 a fairly straight guy. I'm a young, hot, 30 something seeking the same for a casual relationship. ▼4959

Longview **HOMO ALONE WITH THE KIDS:** I'm 5'10, 130lbs, long dark hair, hazel eyes. If you are nice and would like to build a lasting relationship with me and my two kids, please call me. ▼4964

Seattle **BIG BOY:** I'm a former model in search of a GWM 25-45 for walks, talks and more. I'm a big guy and I'm comfortable with myself. ▼4975

Seattle **BI BI LOVE:** I'm a bi guy lkg4 a guy 20-30's. I'm well built and well end'd. I'm straight acting and I seek the same. ▼4976

Olympia **LETS EXPERIMENT:** I'm a 25 y/o BIWM into hiking, biking and animals. If you are a slim guy 18-25 and want to experiment with me, please call me. smokers OK. ▼5190

Portage **Hill FRIENDS WANTED:** Terry, 28, int in meeting some friends, poss relationship, give me a call. ▼6315

Seattle **PROFESSIONAL GUY:** Gdlkg professional clean cut male, ISO 25-32 attr WM, life outside the bars, long term rel or friendship. ▼6334

Seattle **DADDY WANTED:** GWcouple seeks daddy- we are both in our 30s ht/wt prop, both well end'd lkg for aggressive masc daddy of any color, into exploring our limits and fantasies. ▼6435

Seattle **PLAY PARTY!** 26, blnd 6' 150 smooth clean shaven well end'd looking for other guys to play and party with, give me a call! ▼4517

EAST

Nassau Cty **YOUNG AND RESTLESS:** I'm 24 y/o and I'm lkg4 young, good looking GWM like me. I'm clean shaven, short hair and good looking. If you are 18-24, please call me. ▼4474

New York **ANYTIME GUY'S:** aggressive 33 y/o btm lkg4 straight, bi or gay men for fun. the bigger the better. any age, any race. ▼4639

New York **LETS WRESTLE FOR TOP:** I'm 22 y/o and I'm lkg4 guy's that want to wrestle in spandex. I'm always ready to take you to the mat. ▼4657

Duchess **LETS GO FOR A HIKE:** I'm 36 y/o and I would like to meet other gay men. I like to camp and hike. call me. ▼4751

Manhattan **DADDY TOP:** I'm lkg4 btm boy that knows how to take care of a big guy. I'm 33 y/o, 6'3, 250lbs, thick, meaty, big, big, big. If you are man enough, call me. ▼4899

Upstate **LETS GET TOGETHER:** my name is Lou. I'm 6'1, 35 y/o and well built. I like to hike, back pack and I'm lkg4 a relationship with a btm man. call me. ▼5429

Upstate **YES SIR!** Rick, 35, 5'11 brn/brn clean shaven 185, Italian/Polish looking for dom men, ex military, or police officer, into lthr BD good times Harley's and fun! ▼5981

Rochester COUPLES OR SINGLES: Rochester SW Prof'l couple looking for couples or single men for discreet fun and friendship vers ISO same, hope to hear from you. ▼6035

Canaan **DOUG WM** good shape, looking to meet for friendship, poss more- ▼6281

Plattsburg **CURLY HAIR:** Mike, 6'2, 175, dk brn curly, dk brn eyes, 28 good shape, give me a call! ▼6318

Rochester **TERRY, 18 GWM,** blonde/brn, 5'10, 150, looking for a GWM who is active and likes to go out to clubs, dance, go to movies, hang out, get to know each other, I'm 18, so if you are interested, give me a call- ▼6401

Buffalo **TV/TS/CD:** 31 6'3 210, looking for a TV/TS/CD any age or nationality, must be with in the area give me a call- ▼6661

Syracuse **BOY NEXT DOOR:** Mike, looking for the boy next door, 18-30 race not impt, give me call for a private rel, friendship, clean, no head games- ▼7061

Buffalo **BLACK AND WHITE:** Is there anyone out there interested in interracial relationships? give me a call- I am a GBM 26 5'5 126, young ISO GWM, 18-29 ISO someone who likes indoor & outdoor activities, if U like this ad, give me a call- ▼7120

Mt. Laurel **ROMANTIC EVES:** Jack, 31 6'1 brn/brn 190 masc clean cut, exp. same, ISO guy 27-35 4 friendship poss monog rel, ISO fun 2 be with dom romantic & assertive, very affectionate, who likes movies, dining, dancing, share, quiet eves- ▼6179

Clementon **GRAB THE GOLD RING:** Frank 31, Italian, looking for a playmate who likes amusement parks, or maybe you could come to visit, and have a "Great Adventure" of our lives- ▼6458

Mays Landing **QUIET TIMES:** Jeff, GBM, looking for hot guys int in a good time, like dancing, dubbing, quiet times at home, romantic, share feeling, nice guy, sincere, leave a message thanks! ▼6660

S. NJ **FUN WRESTLING:** Jack, 31 brn/brn 6'1 ISO a guy, 25-35 for friendship poss long term rel, good personality, good sense of humor, affectionate, romantic, like to wrestle for fun be dom while we make out, movies, dining, share, quiet eves- ▼6673

Trenton **B/D SCENES:** Don, 32 Dom Wm, brn/brn must 6'1, 175, end'd good looking, ISO subm guy under 40 clean slim into BD scene, if this sounds good, leave a message- ▼7162

Washington **SAME THING:** 25 y/o WM lkg4 same. I have a real hot body. I like to go to the beach. you must look good in shorts. late night, no string, safe fun. I'm a top. ▼4508

Washington Single **GWM** 19 y/o, 5'8, 130lbs. I'm lkg4 someone 18-28 for friendship and poss. relationship. ▼4863

Baltimore **FRIENDS AND LOVERS:** Kevin, att am 29, ISO someone wants a friendship as well as a rel, give me a call. ▼6416

Baltimore **SWIMMERS BODY:** Andre, GBM, brn/black, btm, nice swimmers body, give me a call! ▼6567

Washington **SAFE FUN:** Hot Masc nice 32 WM blonde/blue, 5'11 150, ISO other attr WM 25 -39 for safe fun and friends. ▼6630

VA NEW AT THIS: Mitch, 21, 6', brn/green, WM, real smooth, new at this, BI, 185, like to talk on the phone first, into phone fun, give me a call- let's get together. ▼6736

Columbia **FUN AND FRIENDSHIP:** Nice guy 40s, 5'10, 150, masc non smoker in shape not into bars or drugs, looking for fun friendship with guys 25-45 with similar qualifications ▼7169

SOUTH

POld Orchard **SUMMER FUN:** looking for some summer fun, 33 5'7 16Laredo **READY FOR LOVE:** I'm a 30 y/o Hispanic male. I'm open minded and down to earth. I'm lkg4 a long term relationship. monogamy a must. ▼4553

San Antonio **NO STRINGS:** my name is Jack. I'm 25 y/o and I'm not lkg4 a relationship, just pure fun. call me, lets do it. ▼5075

Austin/San Antonio **JUST SAY YES:** your wife or girlfriend want give it up? I will! I'm lkg4 black or Hispanic men 25-45, tattoo's a + ▼4891

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Figure out what you want to say before calling in. Write down what you want to say. Keep it short and simple. Just describe yourself and what you're looking for. Our computerized system will walk you through the rest. Have a pen ready to write down your box number.

Nashville **DISCREET BM BI ISO WM** 18-35 I'm 35 clean and discreet, give me a call- ▼5993

Nashville **YOU NEVER KNOW.....**Harrison, 25, 6'1 looking for someone to share with, go to movies, give me a call, we might have something in common- you never know- ▼6167

Miami **A PERFECT 10:** I'm lkg4 the perfect man. If that's you, call me. ▼5114

Ft. Lauderdale **YES SIR:** Young senior lkg4 friendly, broad minded policeman for friendship. ▼5441

Hollywood **COUPLE SEEKS FRIENDS:** Juan, Hispanic male, 23, other half 32 looking for friends, want to go out and have a good time, if you are interested, give us a call. ▼5865

Orlando **QUIET TIMES:** WM, 30, ISO friendship poss rel, and quiet times, between 25-40, ▼6492

Tampa **MASCULINE STUD:** 28, athletic attr masc stud, looking for other masc studs, that want to get together and have some fun! ▼6735

Tampa **CARAMEL SKIN:** BM, 5'9 165, nice caramel brn skin, looking for other BM to hang out with and have a good time, give me a call- ▼6877

Tampa **DISCREET TIMES:** Lee, 32, 6', 165, BM, interests are beach, CDs looking for someone low key and discreet, give me a call- ▼6966

Port Charlotte **NEW IN TOWN:** Eric, 24, looking for a guy, tired of not having people to talk to, like to read, do stuff, not into bar scene, 5'8 blonde/green new in town from Chicago- ▼7184

Tampa **CASUAL FUN:** BM 5'9 150 ISO BM in my area for good hot times, not looking for rel, if you are interested, give me a call- ▼7198

Tampa **WORKOUT PARTNER:** Jim, GWM, 33 5'9 160 good looking and well built work out 3x a week, lt. brn hair, green, clean cut non smoker, ISO same, 20s -30s well built and clean cut who works out, interested in poss rel- give me a call thanx- ▼7200

Winterhaven **CANOEING AND CAMPING:** Preston, interests are horseback riding, canoeing, going out to dinner, camping, going to the beach, looking for someone with similar interests, 6'1 brn/blue, 181, if you are interested, give me a call- ▼7221

Gainesville **ON THE MAKE:** I'm 6ft, 190lbs, clean shaven hot top. I like to make out and more. please call me. ▼2908

Tampa/Orlando **JUST IN CASE:** I'm 5'11 and in excellent shape. I like others to appreciate it and like other men in real good shape. call me. ▼5878

Panama City **NEW AT THIS:** I'm a 32 y/o professional WM. I'm 5'10, 168lbs, 31" waist. I'm well built and healthy. I'm lkg4 someone who is straight acting like me. I'm new at this. I like the beach quiet times and parties. ▼5904

Orlando **GREEN THUMB:** I'm a 34 y/o GWM, I'm lkg2 meet other GWM 20-40 for a sincere, honest friendship. I like movies, gardening, walks on the beach and more. ▼5939

Tallahassee **BIG MAN:** I'm a muscular 34 y/o GBM. I'm hiv-, secure and intelligent. I'm lkg4 a non black male 25-35 for a relationship. I'm drug free and seek the same. ▼6412

Orlando **BOTTOM LINE:** I'm 28 y/o, 5'10, 135lbs lkg4 real hot top man. if that's you, please call me. ▼6431

SC **FONE FUN:** Jason, 27, 5'8, 150 short muscular guy, looking for hot fone fun, give me a call, like BM and HM give me a call- ▼6543

SC **FRIENDS FIRST:** James, 26, 6', brn/green, looking for someone to spend time, develop a friendship with- leave a message- ▼5977

Grier **STEVE,** 38, 5'11, black/hzl, mustache, 180 interested in guys 18-30, give me a call. ▼6067

SC **LOOKING FOR LOVE,** GBM 5'9 135 slim brn/brn, med cxion looking for WM or HM for one on one relationship, leave a message for me- ▼6098

Myrtle Beach **SMOOTH SWIMMERS BUILD:** Marty 24 Prof'l male, 5'10 150, black/blue, smooth tanned swimmers build, like music, movies, beach, reading, staying active, and quiet eves, looking for other men to have some fun with- ▼6217

MIDWEST

St. Paul **TENNIS ANYONE?** Brian, 26, blnd/blue, 5'10, 155, very good shape, gdlkg, looking for other guys around my age, for friendship or rel, like tennis, biking, outdoor activities, if you are interested give me a call. ▼6086

Verndale **YOUNGER DUDES:** Older Youthful GWM, very 90's no geek, ISO younger dudes for discreet safe fun times, adventurous weekends- ▼5754

Minneapolis **I'VE BEEN A BAD BOY:** Terry, subm GWM, 6'1, 35, 185, looking for someone to give me the discipline I need. give me a call- ▼5885

Minneapolis **FREE MASSAGES:** John, blnd 6'1 attr masseur, free massage to bi married guys! if you are built that's a plus call me! ▼6064

Minneapolis **BALD MEN:** Balding? if you are we can connect, I find bald men attr come on boys, give me a call, let's see what we can get into- ▼7217

St. Paul **WORKOUT BUDDY:** Looking for guys in the area, like to find a gay or bi work out buddy, give me a call- let's work up a sweat- ▼7720

NE Minneapolis **DOUG ON LINE:** Doug, into furniture refinishing', aol, cook, talk, want men 30s to 50s, give me a call- ▼7225

Dayton **DADDY BEAR:** 5'11, 180lbs, bearded, uncut, vers. top lkg4 sub btms who have a fantasy. call me. ▼5118

Dayton **ON THE MAKE:** I'm a married 31 y/o guy lkg4 some fun and excitement with guy's in my area. call me. ▼5301

Warren **BILL** 28, 5'9, 135, brn/blue, lkg for others to have fun with 18-26, HIV-, give me a call- ▼6426

Tiffin **BEAR TYPES:** David, 39, 5'11, short brn/brn, beard, must slightly hairy, lkg for an older guy, 45+ bear type, looking for a poss rel, hope to hear from you soon- ▼7147

NW Ohio **EX-MARINE:** WM, Bob, 41, Ex marine, 5'9 165 brn/brn, looking to meet tp bi males under 30 to fulfill your fantasies ▼7262

Omaha **CONSERVATIVE GUY:** Kyle, new to area, int in new friends, brn/blue, nice guys, 26, 165, cln cut, conservative, hoping to meet the same hope to hear from you- ▼7140

Oklahoma City **WE CAN WORK IT OUT:** I'm 27 y/o, 5'11, 215lbs. I like to work out and spend time outdoors. If you are 25-35, physically active and fit and enjoy life, call me. ▼46634

Lawton **COLLEGE STUDENT:** Jamar, student like reading, writing, creative things, like to go out, like Hispanic men, 19-20, Caucasian men 19-26, work and go to school now, like to meet some new people. like to get to know you- ▼5703

Tulsa **TAKE ME OUT IN TULSA:** Don, WM BI, 34, blnd/blue attr, very good shape looking for a str BM, to have a good time out in Tulsa, give me a call. ▼5974

Tulsa **DAVID,** 19, 6'6, 275 blnd/blue looking to meet in the area, interested in lots of things, give me a call. ▼6009

Henrietta **ONE ON ONE:** Jack, GWM 42 5'10 220, looking for someone down to earth, looking for a rel, like outdoors, football, bball on TV, lkg for an avg. down to earth guy who wants a one on one- ▼6274

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"Back in the late 70s I remember going to parties and they'd always have a room where they were showing fuck flicks, but back then they were using these old super-eight millimeter projectors and showing them up against a wall. I was introduced to porn at one of those parties and I remember it was a *Brentwood* three episode film. I think that they sold out to *Falcon* or something, or maybe just the same people putting them out now in video form. They were the hottest things out, and now *Falcon* is. Speaking of which, *Blueboy* has a lot of *Falcon* photography in spreads. How about showing us one of my new favorites, a guy named Rick Drake. He hasn't been in a lot of videos, but I think he's really cute and he fucks like a rabbit. I'd love to be on the bottom of his ram rod, or even get a piece of his fine, smooth ass. Show us some pix of his dick!"

•••

"...his name is Rick Drake. I only saw him in one *Falcon* video and I think you guys had him in one of your magazines. Probably *Jock*. That's my favorite, anyway. You would be if you had more hunks like Drake. Get to it..."

•••

"Why don't you have more models around my age, which is 28? It seems that most of your models are in their way early 20s, which is great if you're totally into chicken, but when I look through a magazine I'm not just thinking about cheap sex, I'm also thinking about lover material or maybe past experiences, and not all of them have been with guys 19 years old. More, certainly lately, have been over 25. Give it a try..."

•••

"I don't remember his whole name and I lost the magazine, but he was in an issue of *Jock*, December, 1995, and his first name was Rick. He's tall, dark and incredibly handsome, with a smile that could melt all the snow in the photo shoot. You see, he was dressed to ski up in the mountains."

•••

"I can't wait each month until I receive my copies of your magazines. I subscribe to all eight and let me tell you that without your magazines coming on a regular basis, I wouldn't be.

"I haven't had a boy friend in over three years and, with the way things are out there, not just with health stuff and all, I mean the way things are with people and their fucking attitudes, I prefer heading home after work, taking a long, hot shower, and climbing into bed with one of your fine periodicals. You asked for suggestions and requests, here you have one: Ricky Drake. He's been in some *Falcon* videos and I am pretty sure you had him back a while ago, too, but not enough of him.

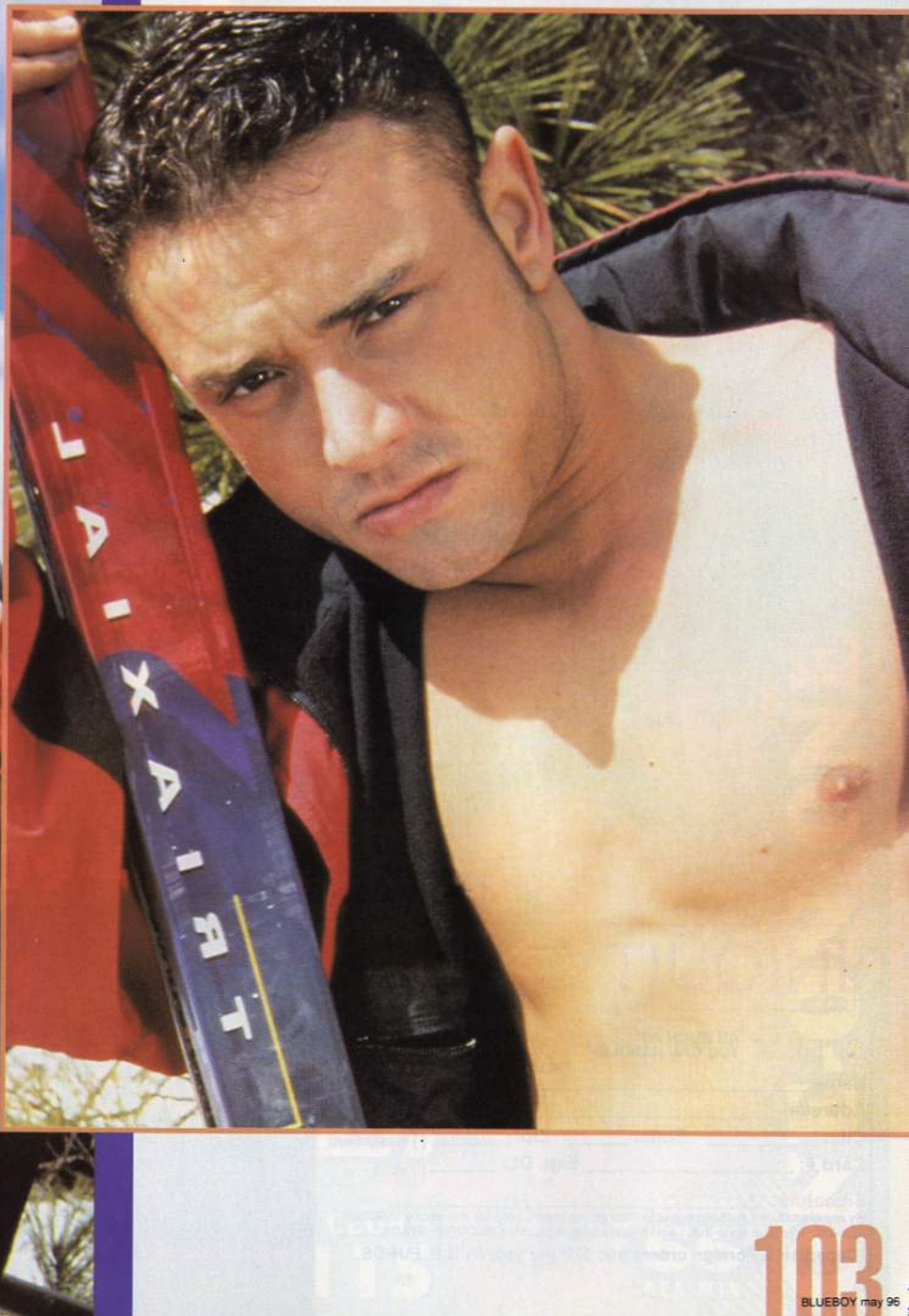
"I want more, lot's more and I want him now. Show us more of Ricky Drake good and naked! Thanks..."

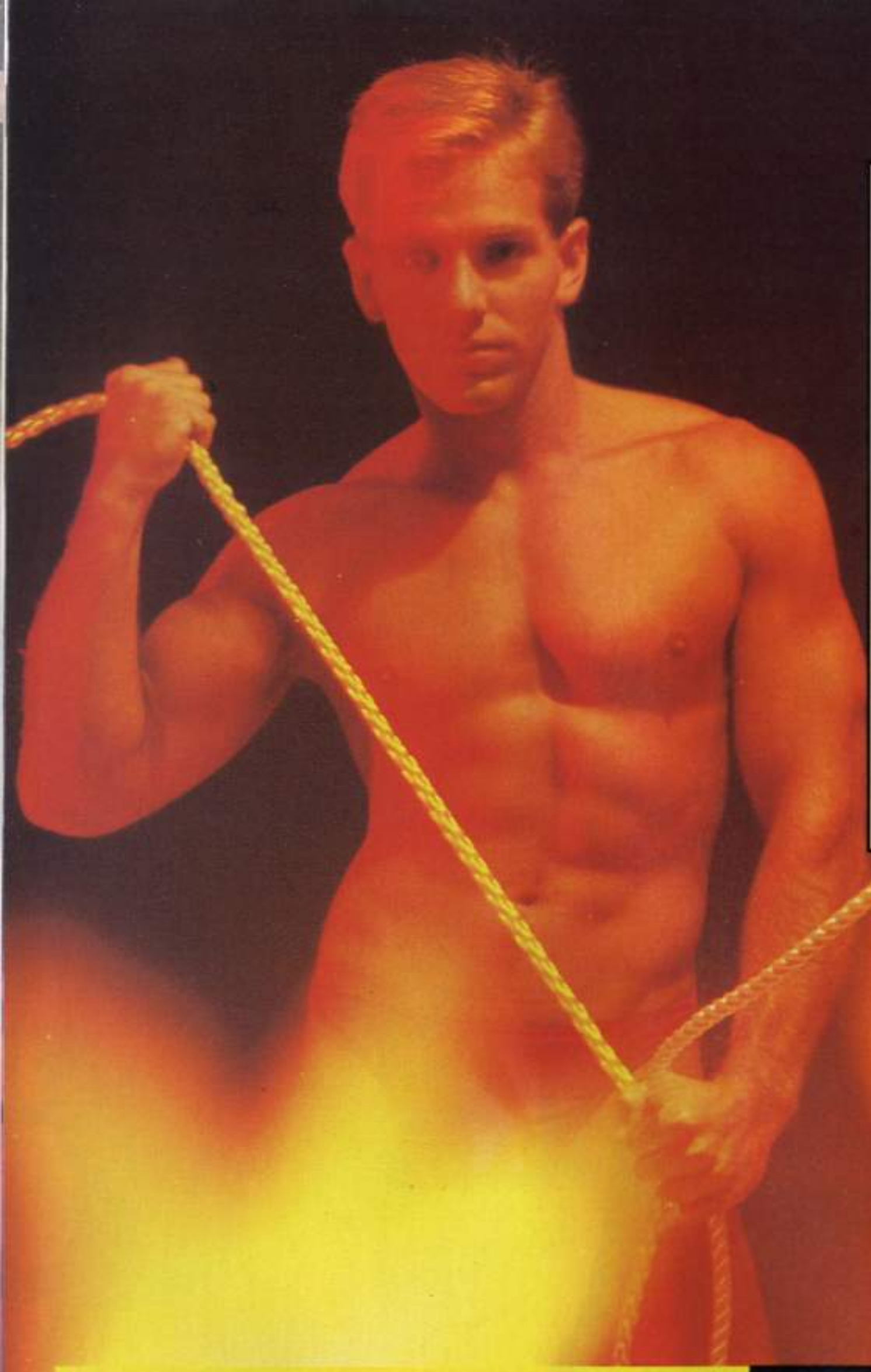
•••

"Fuck me, Rick Drake. I've wanted you since I first laid eyes on your sex act in Aspin. You can hop and melt my moguls anytime!"

"He'll
melt your iced ass
with his throb-
bing hard
cock, and
maybe give
you a slide
down
the slopes..."

TIME IS NOW





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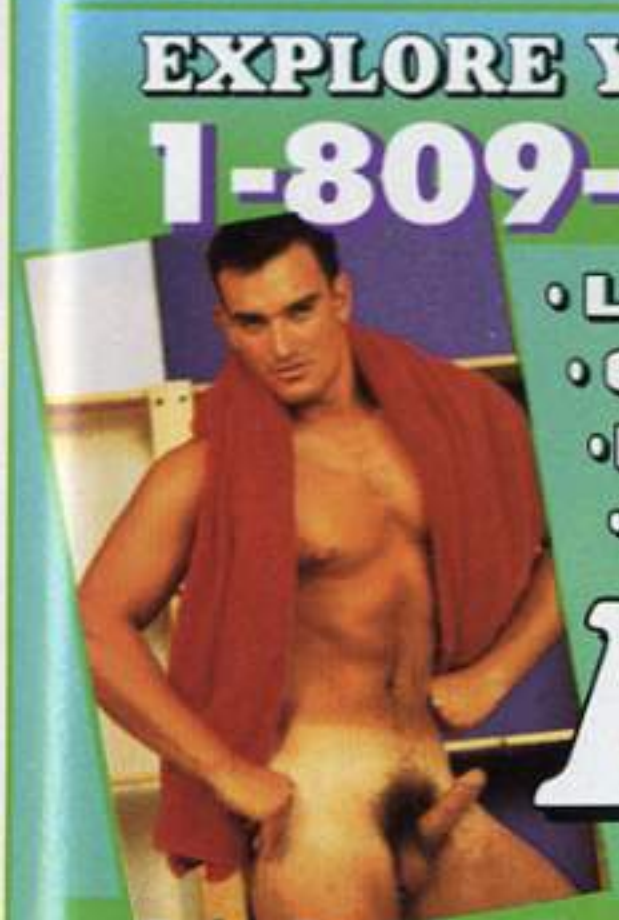

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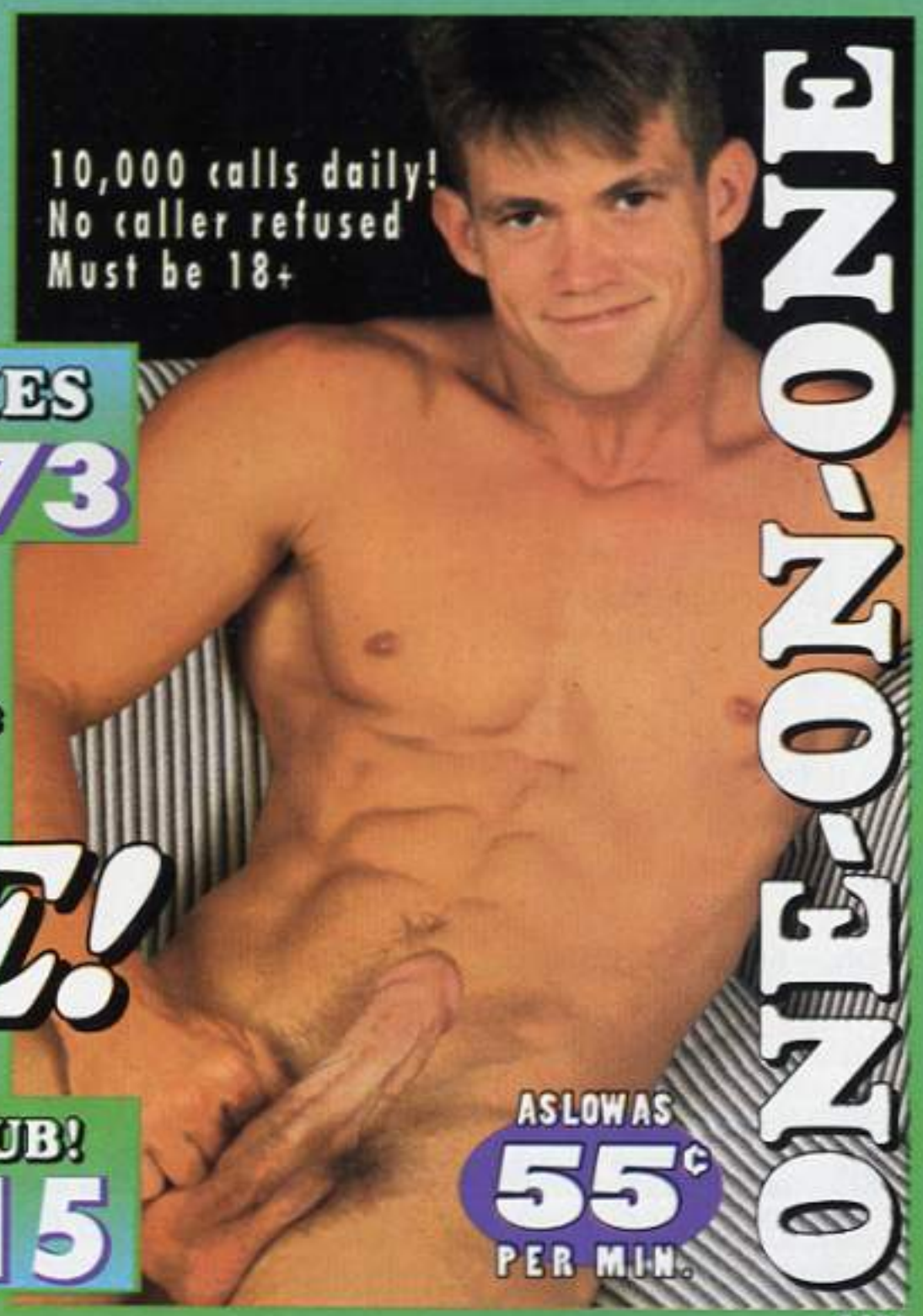

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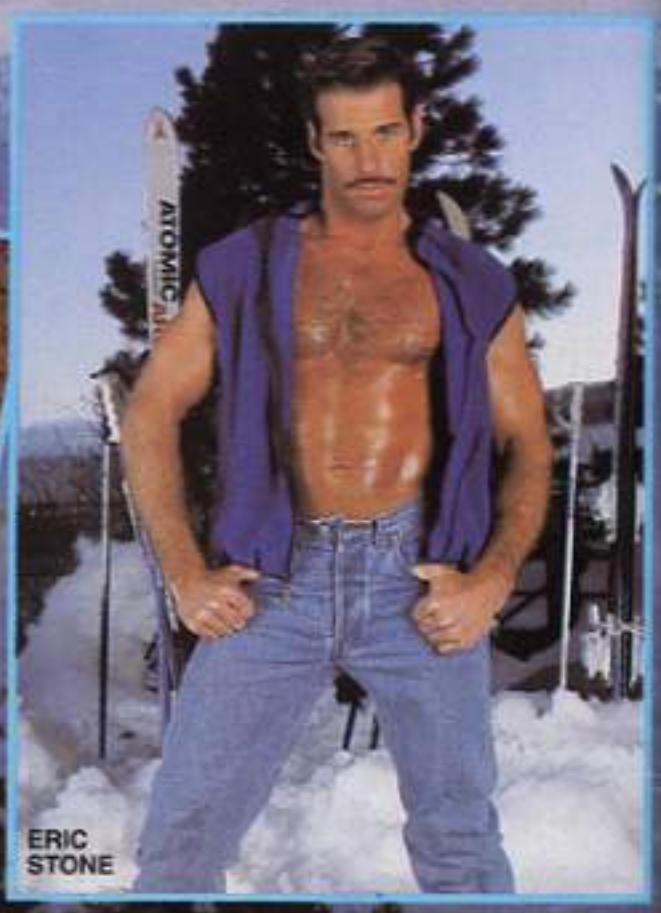

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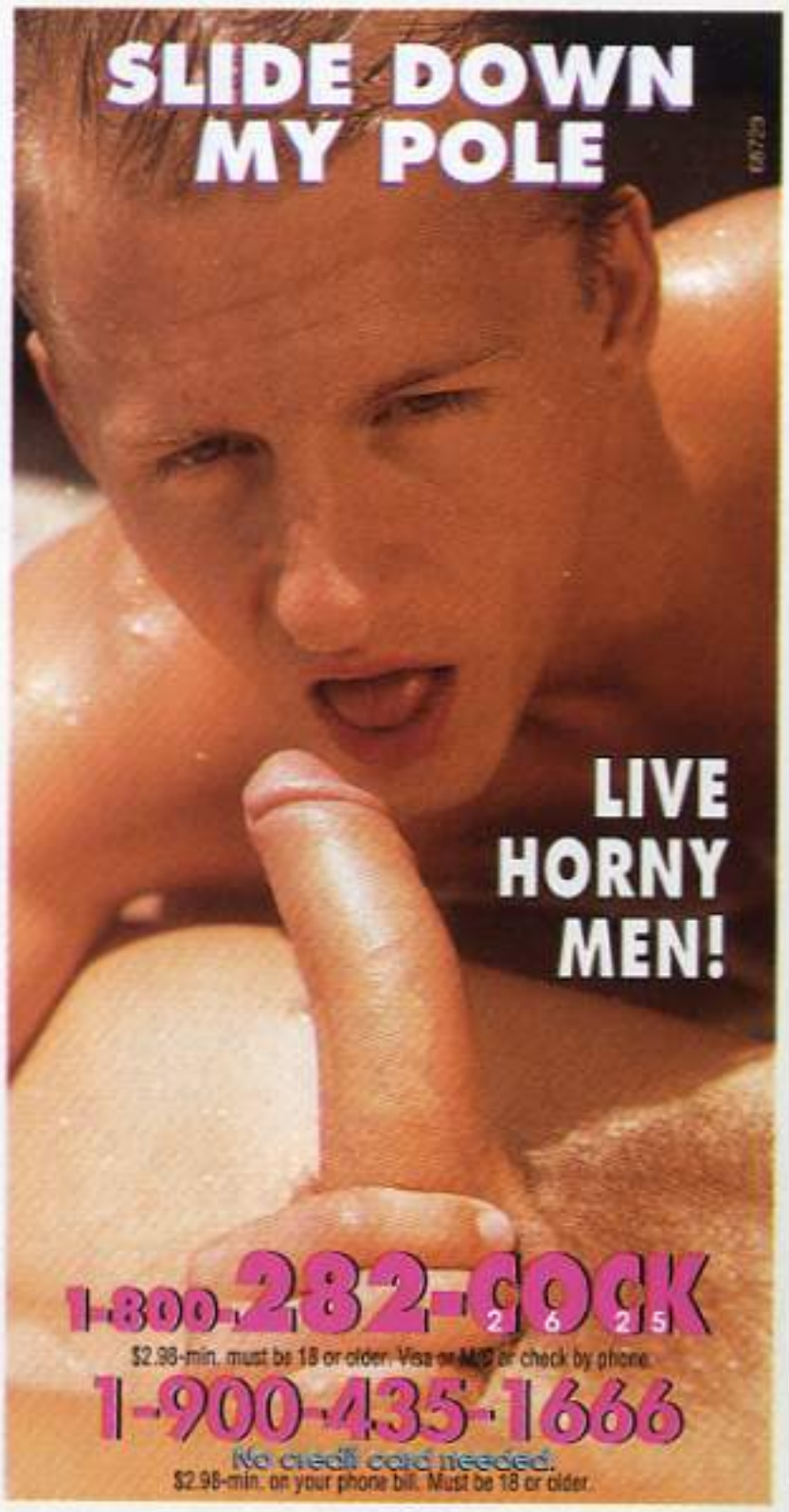
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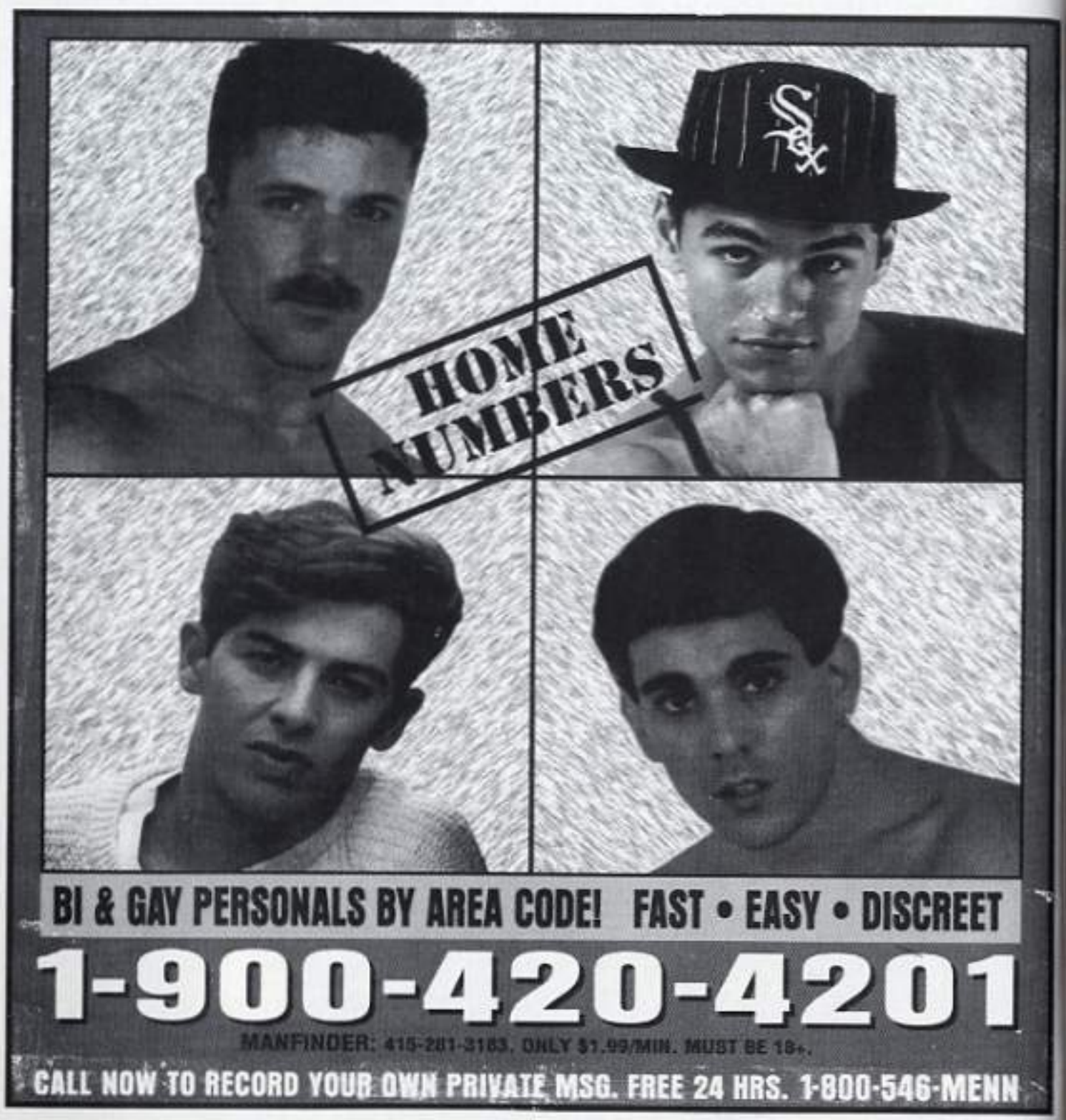
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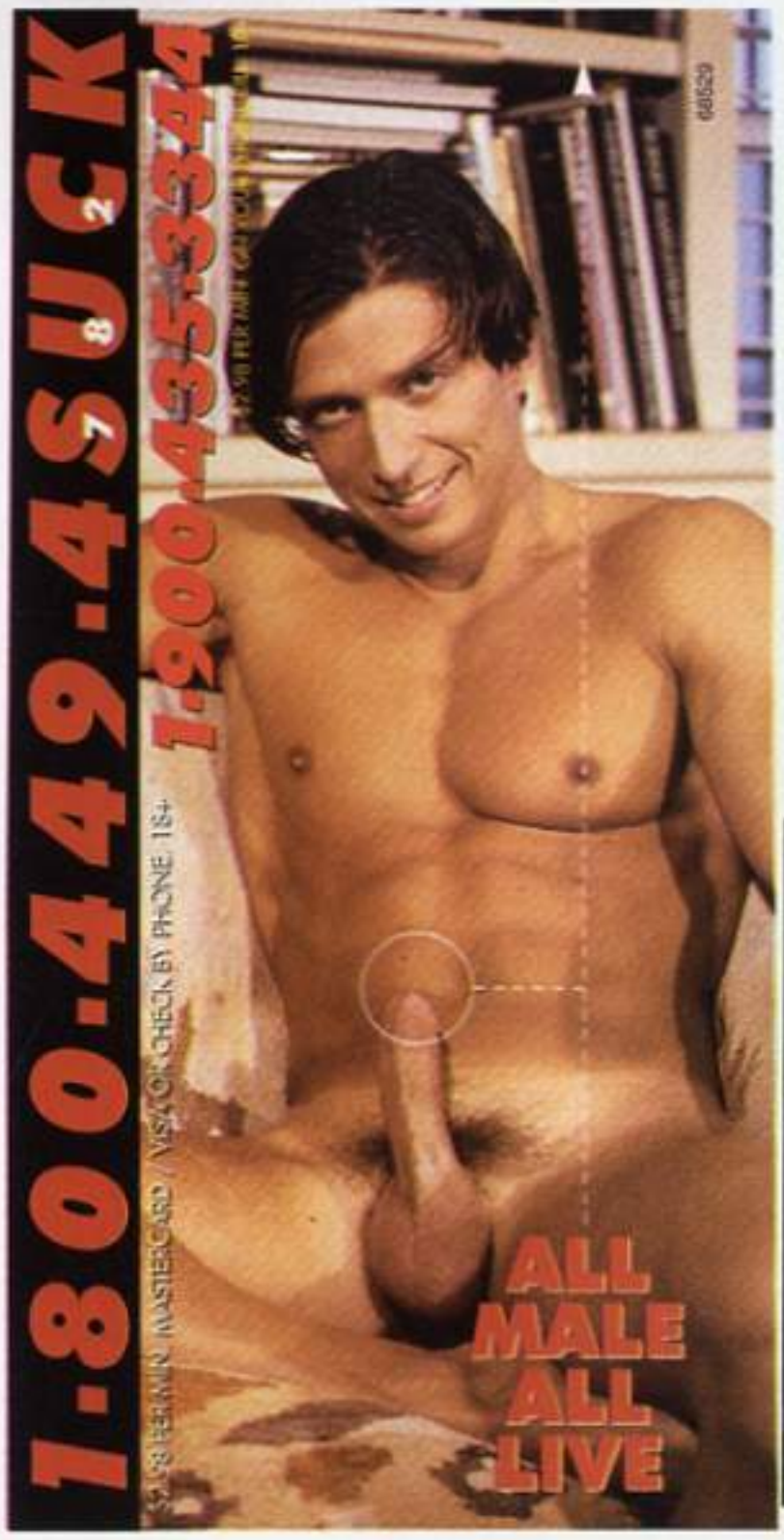
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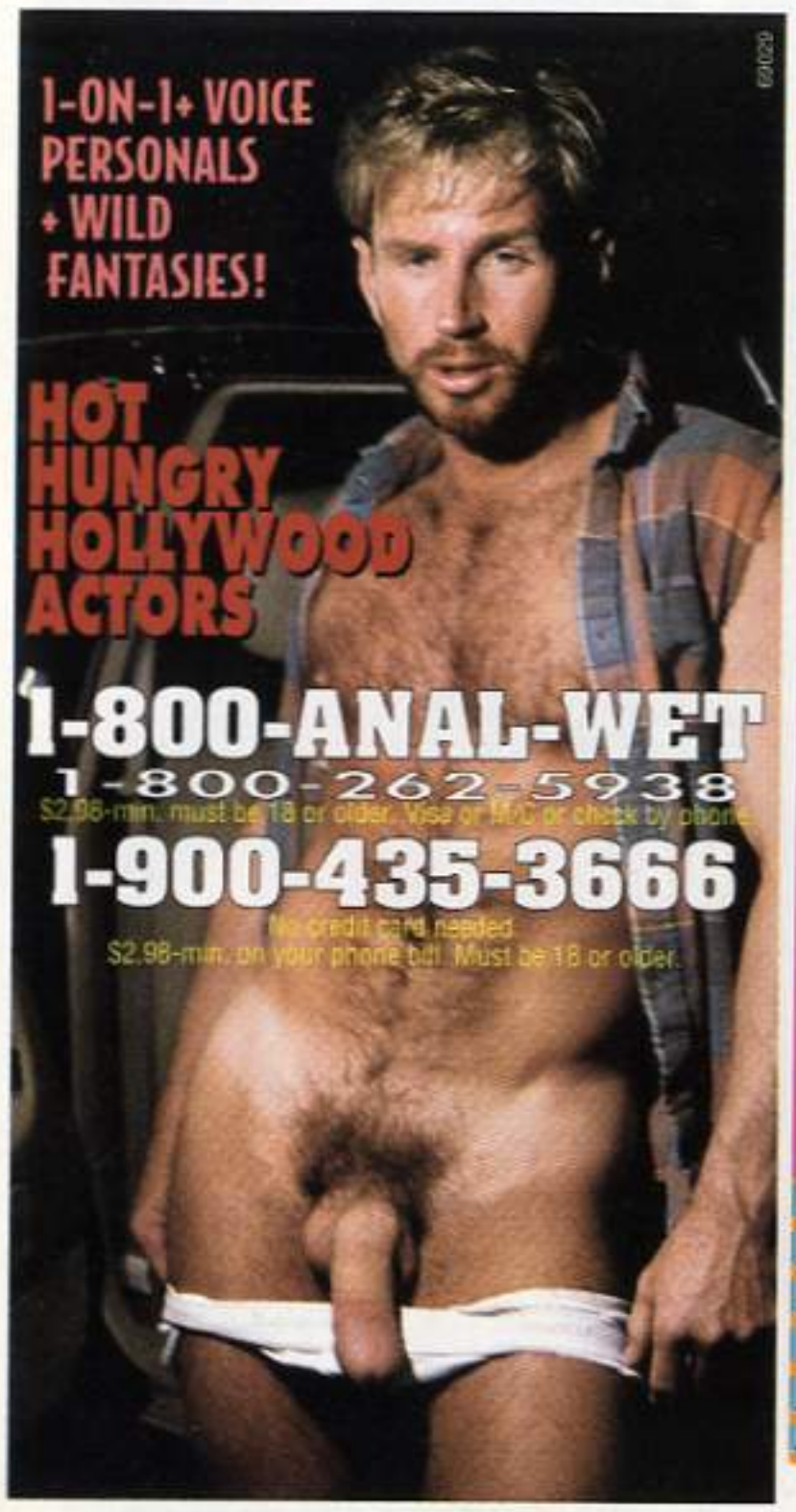
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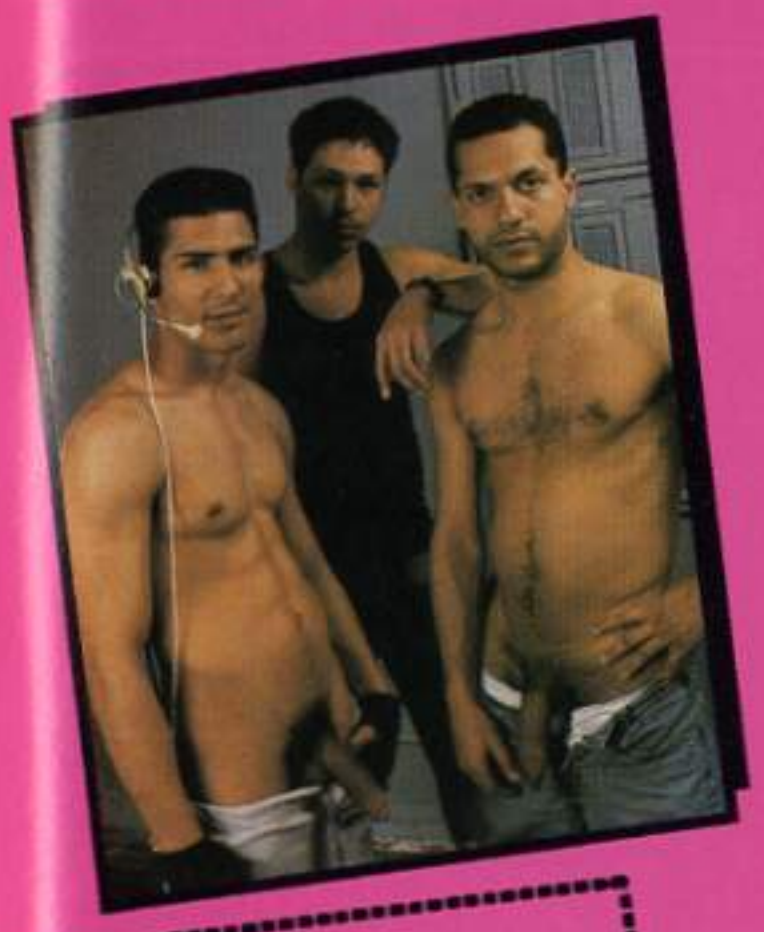

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#62233 - Todd. I'm very muscular. I have a bubble butt that needs attention. My cock is 6 1/2 inches. I'm very attractive. I like more than one man. I love to be fucked. I love to suck and fuck every morning and night.

#56079 - Mark. 5'6" Hispanic with brown eyes and black hair. I have an 8 inch cock. I like to suck dick and eat cum. I love dicks up my ass.

#91039 - Eric. I'm 5'9" 140 lbs. White, I have brown hair and eyes. 6 1/2 cut cock. I get very turned on by big hot men who can go on forever. I need oral and anal sex. I need lots of it, anytime I can get it. I love mutual masturbation and orgies.

#55222 - Sam. 190 lbs. blonde hair & blue eyes. I have a 9 inch cut cock. I'm looking for any kind of sex. I'm looking for a wild & hot time. Open to anything.

#48960 - Alex. 5'8" brn eyes/long hr. I have a 7 inch cock. I want to be treated like a woman. I want to dress up like a woman and have a man make me suck his dick.

LEATHER MEN

#61046 - Joe. Brown hair & blue eyes, muscular. I'm 7 1/4 inches looking for a big male to fuck and spank me like I'm his little bitch.

#67259 - John. 145 lbs. Light brown hair. I'm small built with a 5 1/2 inch cock. I have a nice meaty ass. I like to be used. I love to be fucked in the ass. I love the taste of a man's cum in my mouth. I want you to piss on me, and make me suck & fuck you. Make me your slave.

#26701 - Ron. 5'9" 145 lbs. Brown hair, green eyes. I have an 8 1/2 inch hard dick. I'm into S&M. I like black and Hispanic men. I'm into almost anything.

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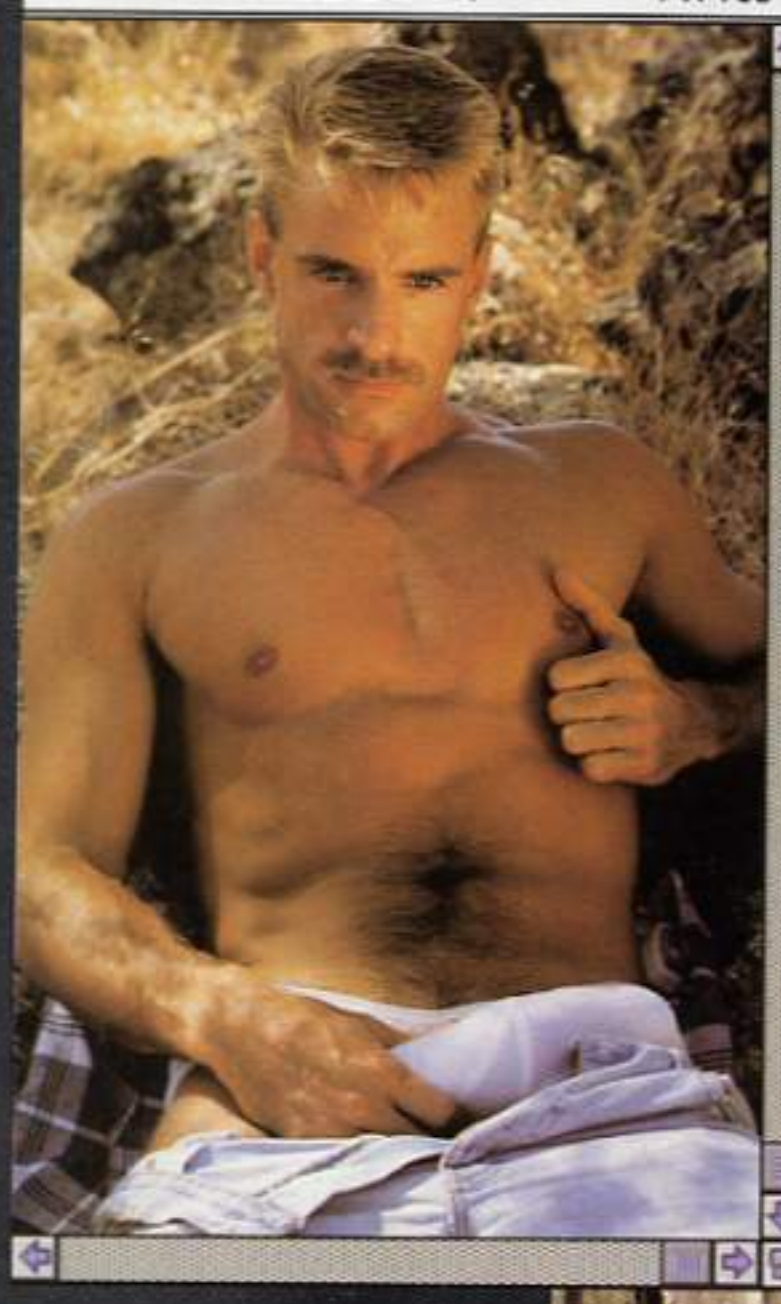

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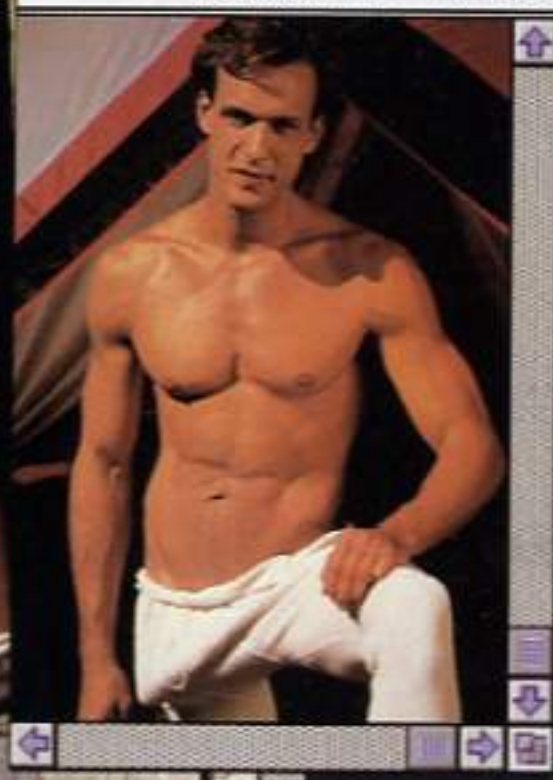

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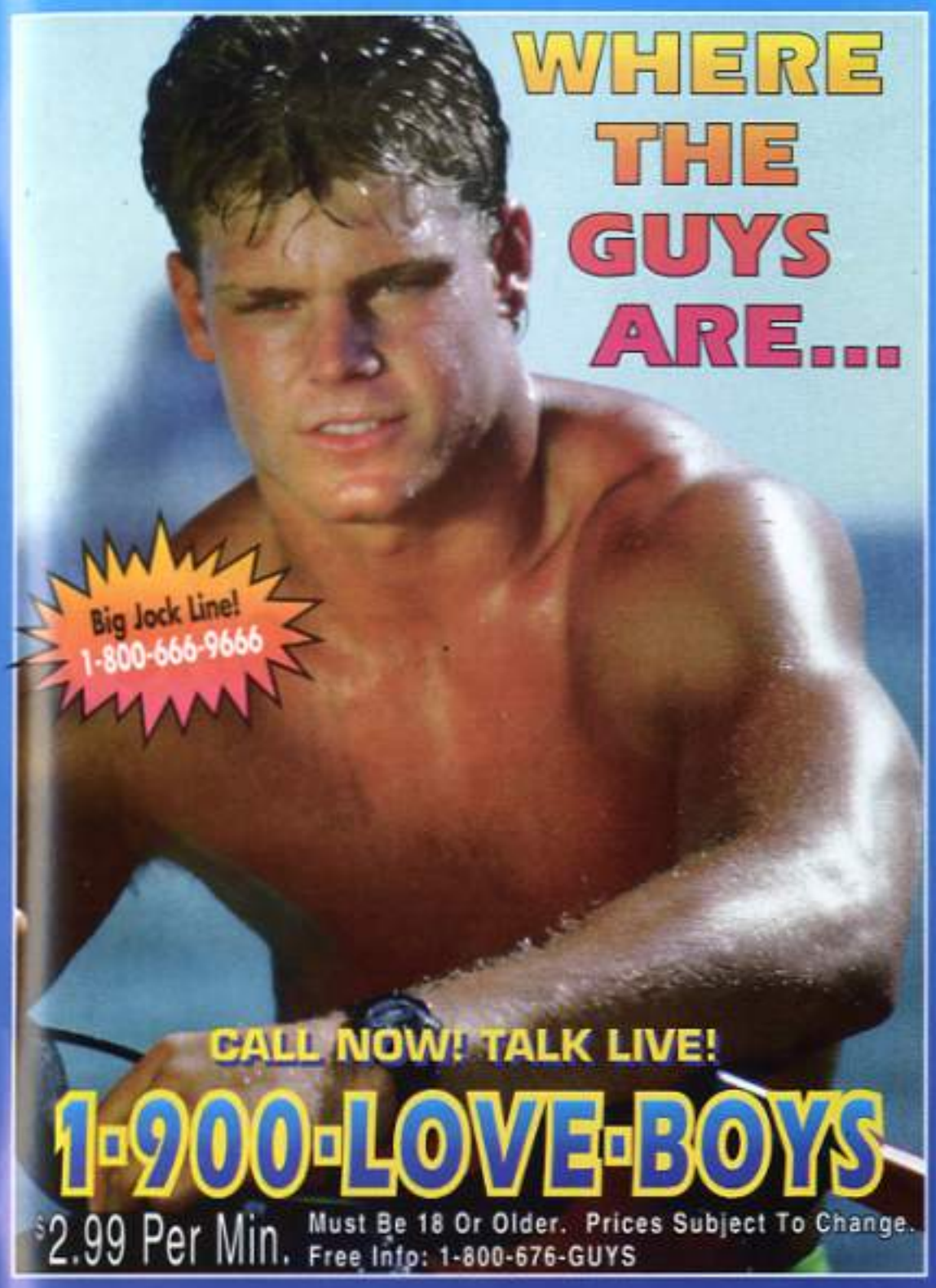
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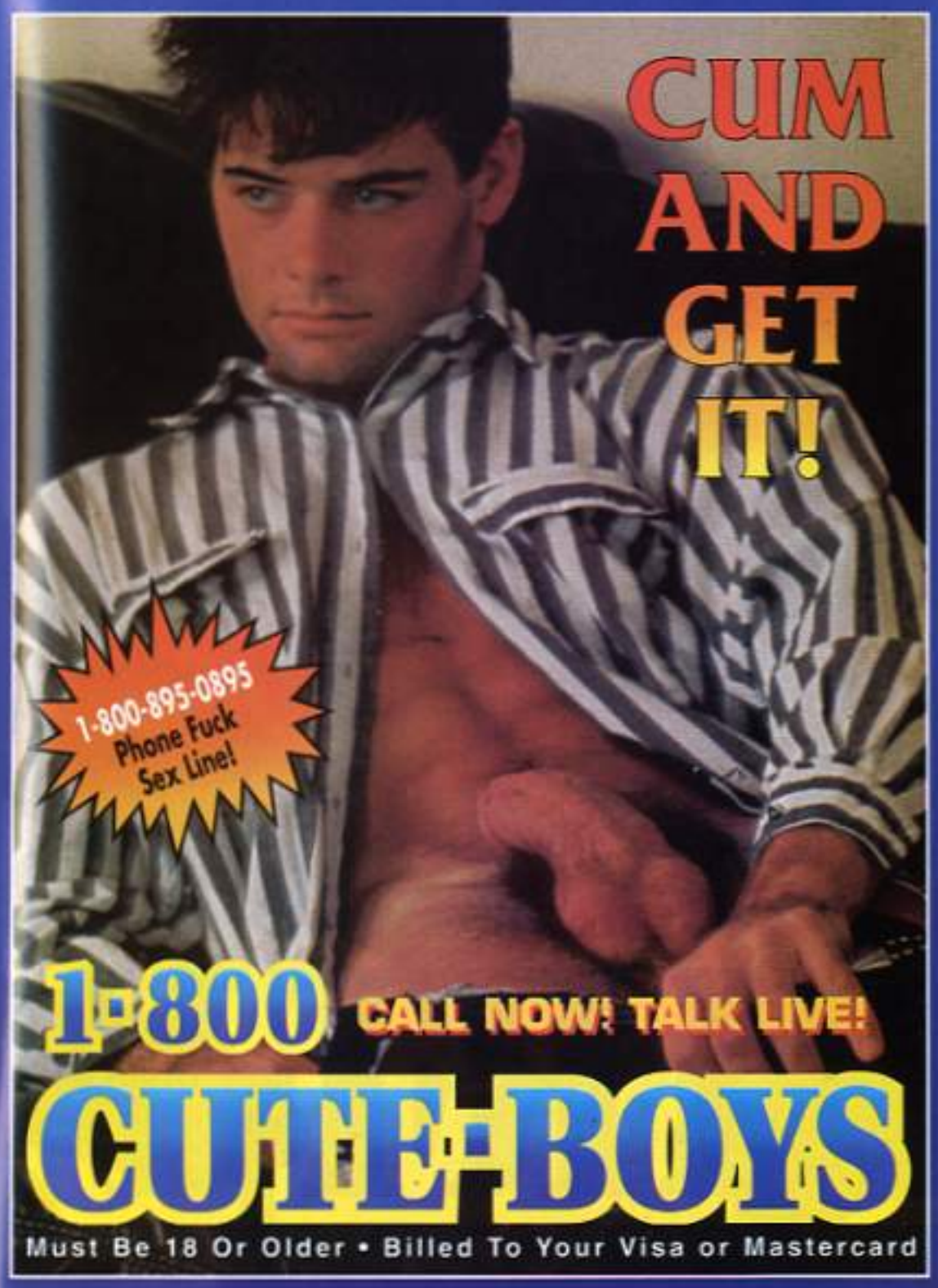
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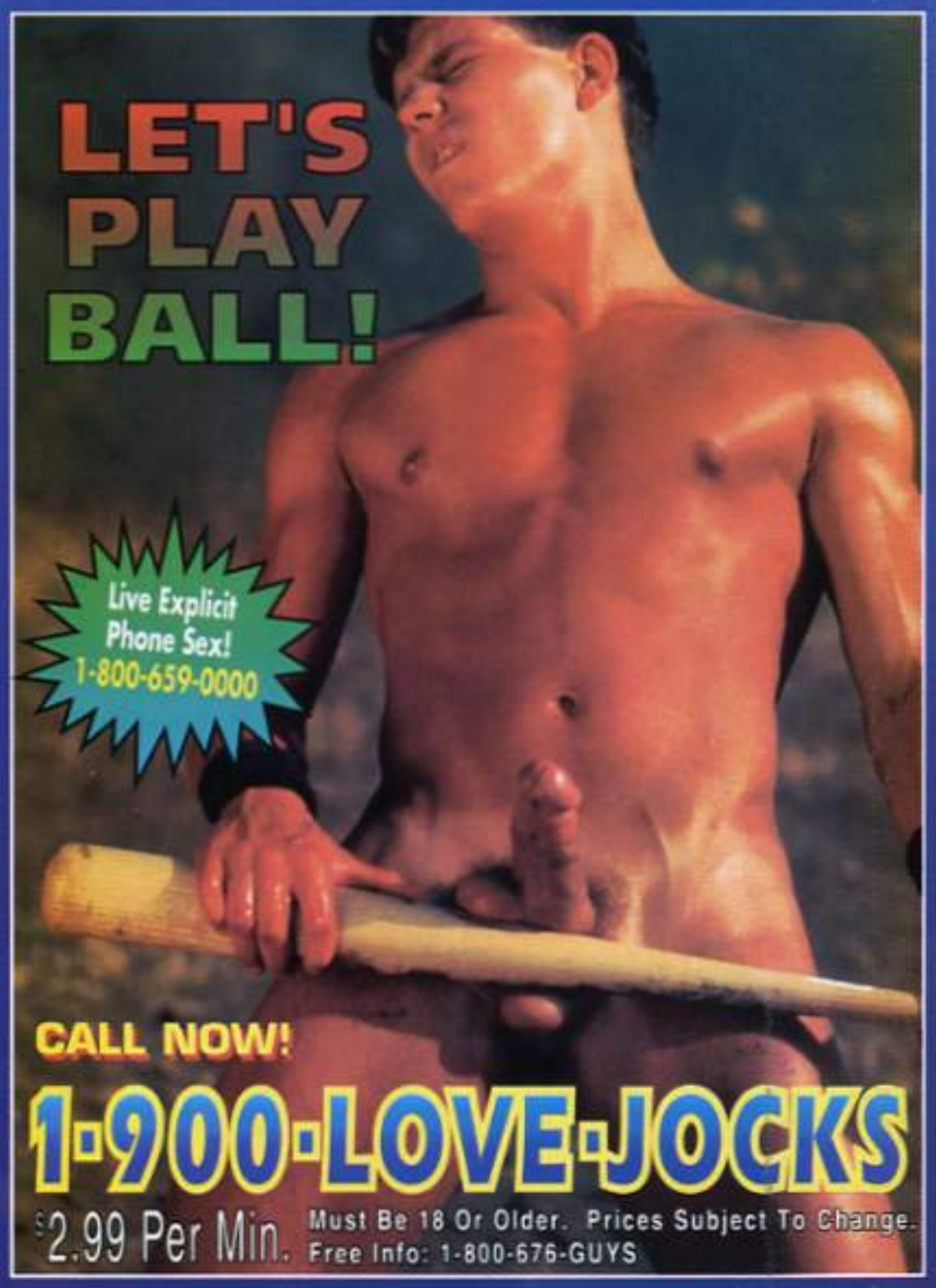
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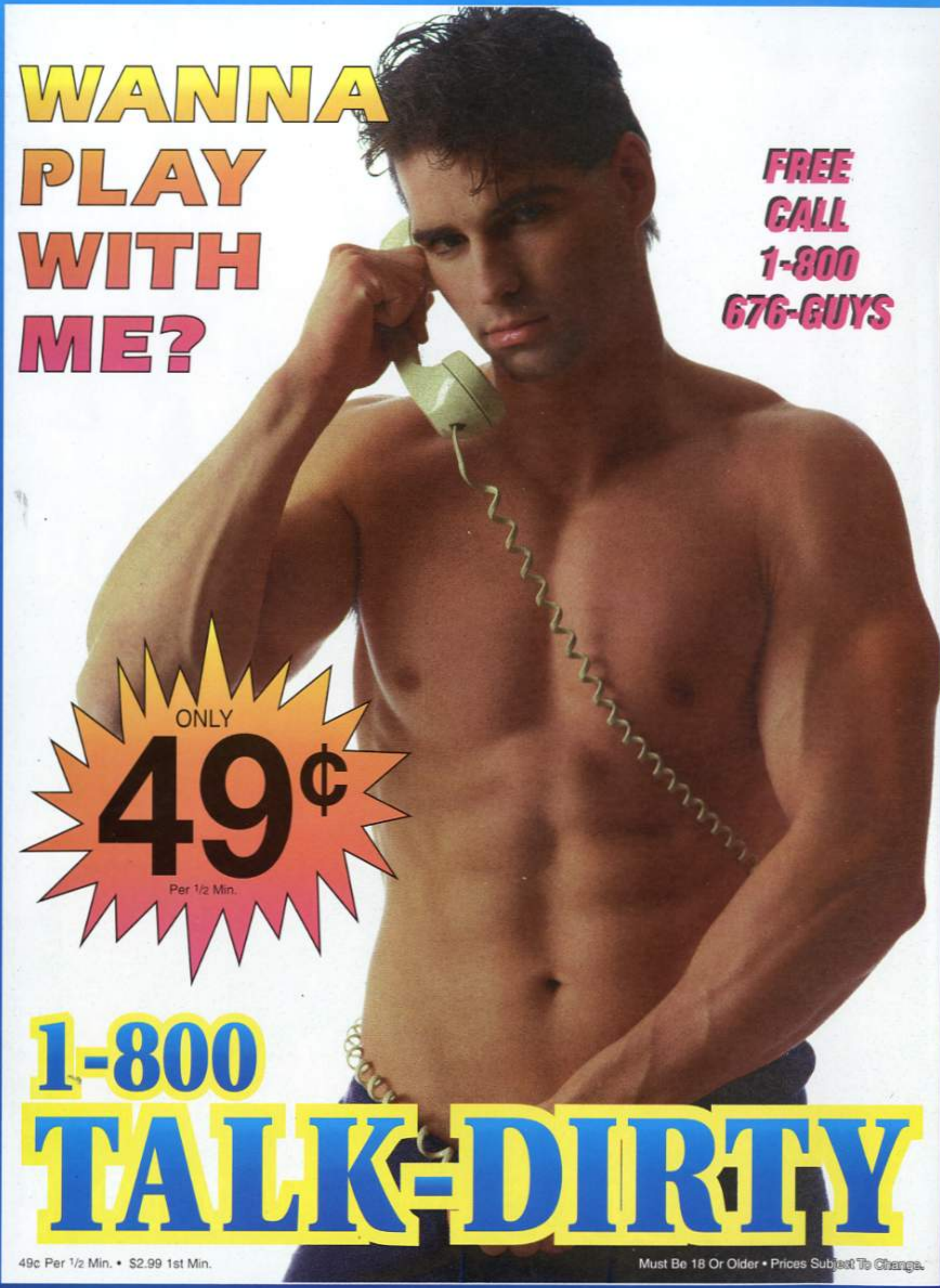

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